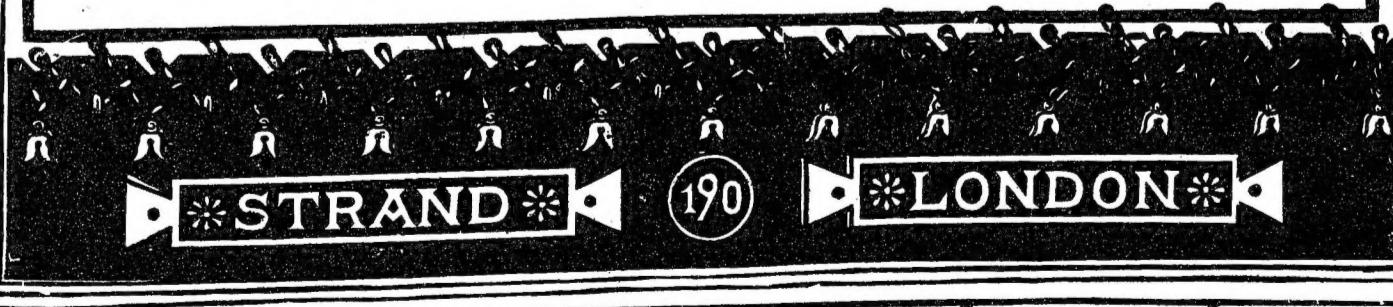


ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,074

JUNE 28, 1890

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
• WEEKLY •  
NEWSPAPER.



PRICE NINEPENCE.

THE GRAPHIC JUNE 28, 1890

# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,074.—VOL. XLI. ] ÉDITION  
Registered as a Newspaper ] DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1890

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS

[ PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post 9½d.



BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA  
“One of my Escort to Tanganyika.”—H. H. JOHNSTON

## THE GRAPHIC



**THE GOVERNMENT'S TROUBLES.**—In announcing on Monday that the Government had decided to abandon the part of the Local Taxation Bill about which there had been most controversy, Mr. W. H. Smith seemed to think that resistance to the measure would immediately come to an end. He was speedily undeceived. The Opposition showed that it was as resolute in its hostility to the chief portion of what remained of the scheme as it had been to the original plan as a whole. The expression of the Speaker's opinion on the subject gave the death-blow to the Government's strange device, and it was impossible for any impartial person to regret the result. The Bill in its entirety had, at least, the merit of being logical, and most people who are not vehement teetotallers agree that the objects which were to have been attained by it have been grossly misrepresented. But what was to be said for the proposal that a large sum of money should be set apart for the extinction of licenses without a hint being given as to the way in which the extinction was to be effected? The intention of this suggestion could only have been to save, as far as possible, the honour of the Government. On the ground of public interest nothing could be urged in support of so vague a proposition. The position to which the Government have been brought is humiliating, but they have only themselves to blame for their troubles. No doubt there has been a great deal of Obstruction during the present Session, but with Bills which commanded any degree of popular sympathy Ministers would have been able to achieve considerable success. What good reason existed for their entangling themselves with the Licensing Question? In the whole range of contemporary politics there is no more thorny problem, and it was well known that some of the most zealous opponents of anything remotely resembling the principle of compensation to publicans were to be found in the ranks of the Liberal Unionists. Obviously, therefore—as the Government themselves are now painfully aware—the treatment of the question ought to have been postponed to a more convenient season.

**POLICE CLAIMS.**—It is a pity that Sir Edward Bradford should have to begin his management of the Theatre Royal, Scotland Yard, with a Comedy of Errors. Capable *entrepreneur* though he be, he will find it very difficult to make this stock piece of the establishment take with the public. Mr. Monro succumbed to its repellent influence, while Sir Charles Warren managed to make himself unpopular both with the *troupe* and the public. No doubt the duality of control over the Metropolitan Police is a terrible stumbling block. No one appears able to determine where that of the Home Secretary ends and that of the Commissioner begins. But it is surely not too much to expect these high functionaries to come to agreement about such commonplace matters as pensions and pay. The police, speaking of them in the aggregate, attach much more importance to increased remuneration than to better superannuation allowances. As Captain Walter James shows in a memorandum he has just issued, only a very small proportion of the force completes twenty years' service, while the veterans who hold on for twenty-five years are an insignificant fraction. But increase of pay is a boon which comes home to all, from the youngest to the oldest, and we make little doubt that if this concession had been voluntarily made by the Home Office before the agitation began, they would have heard very little of the pensions grievance. On the face of matters, the police certainly appear to have strong grounds for demanding higher remuneration. Nearly twenty years have passed since they received an increase, and in the interval—especially during the present year—the cost of living has largely increased in London. They see, too, other classes getting much better wages without any increase of work, while in their case, additional duties of an exceedingly irksome sort have not been accompanied by the practical recognition of increased pay. This is a genuine grievance, which Sir Edward Bradford would do well to get redressed—if he can.

**THE ELECTION OF SHERIFFS.**—A man who is elected one of the Sheriffs for the City of London, and is thus enabled for a whole year to breathe the same atmosphere as the great Lord Mayor himself, must feel that he has not lived in vain; but even the candidate must see his bosom swell with no ordinary feelings of emotion when he is permitted to stand upon the historic hustings, whose floor, in accordance with ancient usage, is annually strewn with finely-cut rue, mint, and other herbs, and rose-leaves, which, says the chronicler, give off a pleasant fragrance. It may at once be admitted that we treat the floor in cleanlier fashion than our rude forefathers did, and that we even dare call the plague a *bacillus* behind its back; yet few would care to have this carpet of sweet odours replaced by a best Brussels, or even by a Kensington Art square at so much a yard. The election was also useful in that it informed the great world that knows not Mr. Harris, or which knows him only as so much large type on a hoarding, that he is entitled to prefix the Royal name of George to the no less Imperial name of Augustus. The

Conscript Fathers of the City have frequently been ridiculed and abused, for it is a cheap and easy thing to do; but the mere fact that Mr. Harris, who is so essentially a man of the last quarter of the century, should aspire to the City dignities is sufficient of itself to prove that the mint and rue will not clog the wheels of orderly progress, and that the gilded chains of office will not be allowed to bind the hands of those to whom magisterial duties are entrusted.

**RECEPTION OF THE ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT.**—The Government is, no doubt, congratulating itself on the way in which the Anglo-German agreement has been received by the mass of the English people. Some voices have, indeed, been raised against it, but they have produced little impression on public opinion. No one is enthusiastic about the Convention, for, after all, we have to give up something, and the cession of territory is a process to which John Bull has always had most serious objections. It is recognised, however, that as good a bargain as was possible under the circumstances was made, and so we may anticipate that it will be accepted quietly in Parliament by men of all parties, the terms being opposed—if opposed at all—only by a very small minority. In Germany opinion on the subject has to a considerable extent changed since the day when the agreement was first definitely made known. For a short time the Germans were so enchanted by the unexpected acquisition of Heligoland that they seemed to be indifferent about the proposed settlement in Africa. Now they realise thoroughly that Heligoland—although the anticipated possession of the little island gratifies patriotic sentiment—is not likely to be of much practical use, and that it is poor compensation for the loss of Zanzibar. But the Germans lay much stress on the advantages to be derived from a good understanding between their country and England; and this consideration outweighs every objection, and makes them, upon the whole, well content with what has been done. As for the other Great Powers, their judgment about the matter has been determined rather by their general political sympathies than by study of the facts. Austria and Italy are genuinely pleased that causes of friction between the two States with which they are most intimately allied have been removed. France grumbles a little, but her difficulty about the assumption by England of a protectorate over Zanzibar is not likely to be insuperable. Altogether, Lord Salisbury has achieved a considerable diplomatic triumph, and it would be well for his Ministry if a corresponding success were scored in the ordinary course of business in the House of Commons.

**ARGENTINE FINANCE.**—The latest accounts from Argentina apparently indicate that the expected crash has been successfully averted—for how long it might be rash to predict. Señor Uriburu, the new Finance Minister, has grappled bravely with the situation so far; and, if he can only stop the "leakage" from the Custom House receipts, put a check on the issue of *cedulas*, and provide sufficient gold for national remittances to Europe, the Republic may yet emerge, safe and sound, from the whirlpool. But he will have powerful interests to combat at every point. Not even in the Far East is official venality more rife than in South America. Ministers who, on taking office, were known to be in narrow circumstances, quickly become the owners of palaces, parks, racing-studs, and magnificent equipages. Yet their salaries are modest and their habits extravagant. It is the same in the case of speculators on the Bolsa; those who "have friends at Court" somehow contrive to make prodigious "piles." And thus the taint of corruption spreads from grade to grade, until all, except the lowest, have more or less interest in maintaining the abominable system. Señor Uriburu may therefore count upon meeting strong opposition as soon as the danger of a financial collapse fades away. That peril frightened even the boldest: they recognised that, unless something was done, the goose that had laid so many golden eggs for them would be swept away in the coming tempest. So, like prudent men, they co-operated heartily with the new Finance Minister, supported his whole budget of reforms, helped him in tiding over the crisis, and smoothed the way for the negotiation of a foreign loan. But now that Señor Uriburu has served their purpose, his reforming zeal will be likely to take a very different aspect in their eyes. Their interests lie in preserving the very abuses which he proposes to root out; and, unless public opinion comes to his help, he will be likely to follow into retirement those other honest Ministers of Argentina who have attempted to cleanse the Augean stable.

**EXAMINATION PAPERS.**—An edifying correspondence has been going on in the columns of a morning paper on the merits or demerits of a certain history examination paper. *Paterfamilias* declares it is the hardest set of questions he ever saw, and there seems no good reason to doubt his statement. But to him there enters a pedagogue who avers that is the easiest paper he ever saw. Both these statements are highly interesting as records of the range of vision enjoyed by the writers, though between them there is some danger of the pupil coming to the ground. But the whole correspondence is vitiated by the fact that both sides are begging the question, and, no doubt, on the *maxima reverentia* principle, profess to act on the quaint old-world theory that examination papers are meant to test the know-

ledge and capacity of the pupil. This may have been the case in the days when the excellent Plancus was Lord Mayor of London, but in the present year of grace we have improved upon that, as upon many other things. The modern examination paper is the jousting place for a trial by wits of the Examiner and the Coach. The Coach studies the bent of the Examiner's mind, and the pet fads and theories which he airs when he can get any one who is obliged to listen to him. For his part the Examiner tries to dodge the Coach by pretending to talk of other things, and by dragging in his hobbies in unexpected places and in curious disguises. The game is vastly interesting to the players, and the pupil seems necessary only because Mr. Edison has not yet perfected a machine that will dispense with his services. And yet it would be a pity to do away with the pupil altogether, for those who have sufficient health and strength to enter into the fun of the thing get a share of the sport by siding with the Coach, and, as they express it in their vernacular, "piping" the Examiner. But it is lamentable to think that the Chinese, from whom we took the mania, should still be so lamentably wanting in progressiveness and modernity as not to have got beyond the stage of trying to fathom the pupil's ignorance.

**A NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.**—The splendid gift which Mr. Tate proposes to make to the nation has once more raised the question whether we ought not to have a national gallery devoted wholly to British Art. Probably no one who takes any interest in Art would, in his private capacity, answer this question in the negative. On the Continent there is still a vague notion that England has not, and never has had, a national school of Art. Englishmen know better. In the two great departments of portraiture and landscape we have names as illustrious as any of which the foremost of our neighbours can boast; and all who have given the slightest attention to the subject are aware that in water-colour Great Britain stands supreme. Surely, then, it ought not to need much argument to show that a great collection of representative specimens of English painting should be brought together in a suitable building for the delight and instruction of the people. But when we pass from this general proposition to details, we at once meet with difficulties. The chief obstacle is that successive Governments have an invincible repugnance to the idea of spending money which is not likely to secure the immediate applause of the multitude. Let any member of the present Ministry be asked what he thinks on the subject, and he will probably say that nothing would please him better than to see the establishment of an institution of the kind that is wanted. Ask him further whether he is willing to propose that the object shall be attained at the public expense, and he will answer that the Government could not run the risk of being charged with extravagance. The moral is that if the educated classes wish to have a National Gallery of British Art they will have to raise the funds by means of voluntary subscriptions. Why should not this be done? There are plenty of rich and generous people in England; and if the Prince of Wales would take the matter in hand, he could carry it to a successful issue without serious difficulty.

**INDIAN RAILWAYS.**—At first sight, it seems a small achievement for England to take credit for, that she has given India more than 16,000 miles of railway. The United States now have some 160,000 miles open, being about eight times the aggregate of the British Isles. For all that, it is a fair matter for congratulation that our great Eastern dependency has made even so much progress in railway construction. Nearly all the capital had to come from England at the beginning, the wealthy natives holding back their rupees in the belief that the lines would never pay. Even in England, so doubtful did their financial prospects appear that a fixed rate of interest had to be guaranteed by the Indian Government on the share capital. Old Anglo-Indians were especially scornful, predicting that the natives would never be induced to entrust either their bodies or their goods to the steam horse. For a time, it almost seemed as if this prophecy would be fulfilled. The pioneer lines did not get on very well; trains constantly caught fire; the carriages were hideously uncomfortable; fares were above the means of the masses; unpunctuality became the rule; and the European assistants carried matters with a terribly high hand over the "niggers." Gradually, however, this state of things gave place to a better, and the leading lines not only pay the guaranteed rate of interest, but a good deal more. It is the population at large, however, that has chiefly derived benefit from this employment of British capital. Where would be the great wheat-growing industry but for railways to convey its produce to Europe? Where, too, would be the "scientific frontier" on the North-West, and how could it be defended, but for the power of concentrating troops on the Indus which is afforded by the network of railways in Upper India? But the greatest gain of all is that the State can quickly feed any famine-stricken district from the surplus produce of more prosperous areas. For there is always plenty of food in India for the whole population, even in the worst years.

**THE COOKERY COMPETITION AND EXHIBITION.**—One vast sigh of mingled relief and incredulity has gone up from the middle-class homes of London. At Westminster Town

Hall Lady Mary Carr Glyn is nobly aiding in a gallant attempt to do away with the reproach that cooks come from a place where they take their daily walks upon good intentions, alas!—for even that were something—too seldom their own. Not many years ago the popular orator was never tired of repeating, for it drew cheers, that the great middle-class was the backbone of England. He does not say so now, for what is a backbone without a digestion? The self-styled cook has wrought this downfall, for while the cheap bootmaker has succeeded in bringing his soles to such a pitch of tenderness that a walk on a wet day reduces them to pulp, the cook has gone such lengths in the art of petrifying steaks that were there some means of tacking them beneath one's shoes, the roads might want mending, but one's foot-gear never. Middle-class power has followed the middle-class digestion, and both have vanished in the smoke of a patent stove beneath the hands of an incompetent cook. An inquisitive and intelligent Maori might possibly express his astonishment that with all our elaborate system of State education it should be necessary for Lady Mary Carr Glyn to take girls from nineteen Board Schools to teach them such a necessary thing as cooking. Doubtless his imperfect civilisation would not allow him to appreciate the beauty of appointing expensive School Boards to build palaces of cardboard on sandy foundations, and to teach the housemaids and cooks of the immediate future to draw and play the piano, while that patient ass, the ratepayer, plods wearily on his daily round with an ever-increasing load of precepts and exactions on his aching shoulders.

**ROMAN BRITAIN.**—Probably there are not very many Englishmen who have any direct knowledge of Silchester. Yet at one time this little place in Hampshire was a great Roman city, surrounded by walls, possessing fine public buildings, and connected by military roads with other centres of civilisation. Thanks to the enlightened liberality of the Duke of Wellington, of whose Strathfield-saye estate the site of Silchester forms part, much has been done to bring to light the relics of the ancient prosperity of the town. The lines of street within the walls have been made out, and diligent explorers have revealed the plan of the Forum and of various temples and houses, and many coins and manufactured articles have been recovered. Excavators, we are glad to say, are again at work; and, as they are thoroughly competent Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries of London, there is good reason for the hope that they will secure valuable results. If they are as successful as they expect to be, the sites of other Roman cities in Britain ought to be investigated with equal care, for it is certain that in some of them—such as Wroxeter, the ancient Urcionum—the soil covers many treasures that would well reward research. If it is asked why so much trouble should be taken about the matter, we cannot, of course, say that any practical material advantage is to be gained; but, if knowledge for its own sake is worth having, we cannot be making a mistake in trying to find out all we can about the condition of our country during one of the most striking periods of its history. Few people realise all that is meant by the fact that for more than three hundred years southern Britain was included in the Roman Empire. Everything that tends to enable us to form a clear and definite picture of the land during that long term of occupation is an important contribution to our intellectual life. Inquiry may, perhaps, show, as some scholars have suggested, that Roman civilisation, of which many traces still survive among us, exercised a profounder influence, through the Celtic inhabitants, on our Teutonic forefathers than has hitherto been generally supposed.

**A HALFPENNY POST.**—It is stated that the Departmental Committee lately appointed to inquire into the subject has reported in favour of permitting the public to use their own cards for transmission through the post, when bearing a halfpenny adhesive stamp. Mr. Raikes will, no doubt, endorse this recommendation, and give it effect. The Post-Office revenue would suffer little loss, nor would the public gain be appreciable from a merely pecuniary standpoint. But a vast amount of inconvenience would be saved, and not a little grumbling. People will not keep packets of post-cards in stock; they ought to, of course, for the sake of saving occasional halfpennies, but the English are not apt at petty economies. The consequence is that when a post-card would serve the purpose every bit as well as a letter, the latter agency is employed because the former does not chance to be at hand. But when this new reform takes effect, cards for postal-correspondence will be purchased along with letter-paper and envelopes, while we may expect that halfpenny stamps will largely supersede penny. It is possible that in this indirect way the Post Office revenue may suffer some slight loss, but it will be well compensated for by the lesson in thrift taught to the thrifless English. The amount of money they throw away annually by writing letters when half-a-dozen lines on a card would do quite as well must be immense. Time also is wasted, while the cost of paper and envelopes goes to swell the account. In other cases, a writer thinks that it will look abrupt and discourteous if two out of the four pages are not tolerably filled. But if the cards to be franked by the halfpenny stamp are to have the same dimensions as the present post-card, and only to bear writing, other than the address, on one side, those who use them

will have a legitimate excuse for brevity. And so, perhaps, this little change may become the progenitor of a halfpenny-post for all communications except such as are of an essentially private nature. But we will not dwell on that point, lest Mr. Raikes should take fright at the possible loss of revenue.

**THE BRIGANDS.**—One by one the most cherished illusions of our youth fade away and die, or are suddenly crushed by some irreverent hand. A certain Signor Arrigo has been captured by Sicilian brigands, who should be, as all novel readers know, the most picturesque of the confraternity. But the Signor has taken a mean revenge upon his captors, and, speaking in a Whistlerian sense, has obtained the scalps of those brigands by confiding his opinion of them to the ubiquitous interviewer. It is lamentable to learn that the band did not possess a chief with a deep bass voice in which he might hector his followers and his captives to an orchestral accompaniment. Nor were the brigands dressed in gold braided jackets and broad red sashes to fill the interval between those tailless garments and their green velvet shorts. They wore no high-peaked hats and flourished no lace handkerchiefs; in fact, according to Signor Arrigo, they had not so much as a red cotton handkerchief between them, but were pitifully ragged and dirty. They had no caverns full of jewels and lovely maidens, and they sang no rollicking choruses about the joyous nature of their life. Only in one matter did these iconoclasts respect tradition, and that was in the emptiness of the glasses which they clanked, and in the deceptive nature of the food they placed upon their board. Even the one artistic touch they ventured upon—making their captive write his letters with a goose feather dipped in the juice of purple mulberries—showed poverty of invention, for no self-respecting Beppo or Giacomo of our acquaintance would have been satisfied with so paltry a substitute for his victim's blood while he could have drawn one single drop of red ink from the property master's veins. Edmond About's *Hadjipetros* was bad enough, but this is the sort of thing that bows a man's shoulders, and makes the grey hairs gain untimely upon the brown.

**NOTICE.**—With this number are presented TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, IV.," the other being a MAP OF SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA, showing the BRITISH AND GERMAN POSSESSIONS.

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SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—Tours to the West Coast and Fiords of Norway. Quickest and Cheapest Route. The splendid new first-class steamer "ST. NIMIVA" leaves Leith and Aberdeen on July 5th for twelve days' cruise. Fortnightly thereafter. Full particulars and Handbook, 3d, may be had from W. A. MACCOLM, 102, Queen Victoria St., F.C. SEWELL and CROWTHIUS, E.C., Cockspur St., Charing Cross, S.W., THOS. COOK and SONS, Ludgate Circus, E.C., and all Branch Offices, and GUION and CO., 25, Water St., Liverpool.

PLEASURE CRUISES to THE LAND of THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

The Orient Company's Steamships "CHIMBORAZO" (3,847 tons), and "GARONNE" (3,876 tons), will make a series of trips to Norway during the season, visiting the finest Fiords. The dates of departure from London will be as follows, and from Leith two days later.

July 15th for 15 days. Aug. 8th for 21 days. July 23rd for 27 days.

The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," i.e. inside the Fringe of Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water; the steamer leaving July 14th will proceed to the North Cape, where the Sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. The "Chimborazo" and "Garonne" are fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.

Managers, F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

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KAVALA ISLAND ON LAKE TANGANYIKA

**PRACTICAL CIVILISING WORK IN  
CENTRAL AFRICA**

THESE pictures illustrate scenes in the progress, under Captain and Mrs. E. C. Hore, of one of the many lines of civilising and Christianising influence which have already penetrated, some of them a third of the way across, Central Africa, and of which but little is known by the general public.

THE "MORNING STAR" LIFEBOAT ON ITS WAY TO UJIJI is illustrative of the line of transport established along the road of 840 miles from Zanzibar to Ujiji. The boat, thirty-

two feet long and eight feet wide, rigged as a lifeboat and built of steel, was specially designed for Lake Tanganyika and conveyance in the way shown. In company with nearly 300 porters, carrying other stores, she was conveyed to Ujiji in this way in 104 days from the coast, and until the recent disturbances this road has been kept open by the passage of caravans every year. In 1884 Mrs. Hore travelled over this road with her little child Jack, a picture of whom appeared in a recent issue, and reached Ujiji in ninety days, a journey which not long ago was described as requiring eight months for its accomplishment. But on returning in 1888, in ordinary travellers' trim, without stores, they did it very comfortably in seventy-two days. The *Morning Star* was

fully equipped and commenced service on the Lake in 1883.

KAVALA ISLAND, ON LAKE TANGANYIKA,  
Has become a station, where Mrs. Hore lived for over three years with her husband and child. When they left Kavala, Christian teaching was being regularly carried on, a boys' and girls' school was established, and regular medical work was done. There was a settlement of improved houses, workshops, and a dry dock for the steamer, fruit-trees had been planted; and such friendly relations with the natives all around had been established as made it a very practical outpost of civilisation and Christian influence. The distant land is the Lake shore, a few miles off.



THE LIFEBOAT ON ITS WAY FROM ZANZIBAR TO UJIJI

**PRACTICAL CIVILISING WORK IN CENTRAL AFRICA**



THE ANGLO-GERMAN AGREEMENT—GENERAL VIEW OF HELIGOLAND  
THE WEST COAST  
THE MONK ROCK  
LIGHTHOUSE CLIFF

## THE GRAPHIC

Hornsey National Hall Company, Limited, which was opened in November, 1888, by Lord George Hamilton.  
Mr. Clay took an active part in the production of *The Graphic*



ONE OF OUR NEW SUBJECTS  
See page 732

PRACTICAL CIVILISING WORK IN CENTRAL AFRICA  
See page 720

HELIGOLAND  
See page 740

"A LONGING LOOK"  
See page 729

HIGHLAND PIPERS PRACTISING IN HYDE PARK  
THIS engraving is from a drawing made for us by Mr. J. Hoynck Van Papendrecht, a Dutch artist, who has since painted an oil-picture from the same subject, which is now in the Royal Academy Exhibition, at Burlington House. The Scottish Highland dress has an especial fascination for all Continental people, partly because of its intrinsic picturesqueness, partly because it recalls a semi-barbaric condition of society, which contrasts refreshingly with modern manners and usages. But when to the kilt and the trews is added the "skirl of the pipes," the effect on the Continental is irresistible, and no doubt our artist felt that this was by far the most attractive spectacle he had seen in Hyde Park. Yet it is curious to reflect (as Macaulay observes) that this costume, which nowadays is so popular, suggested to our ancestors a hundred and fifty years ago nothing more elevating than the dress of a cattle thief.

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 727.

CUP DAY AT ASCOT  
See page 733

LONGFORD CASTLE PICTURES  
See page 734

ARREST OF A HALF-BREED WHISKY TRADER BY NORTH-WEST CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE  
See page 729

PICTURES OF THE YEAR, IV.

A FEW years ago pictures of fox-terriers and little girls in every conceivable position were so common as to be positively repellent. Of late, however, the taste has nearly died out, and such a picture as Mr. Elsley's "An Unwilling Partner" comes upon one almost as something fresh. Mr. Wrigman's work is so well known to readers of *The Graphic* that we need do no more than remark that in Sir James Hannon's majestic, yet kindly, countenance he had an excellent subject. One misses the judicial robes in which Sir James presided for so many weary days over the Parnell Commission. Mr. Alma Tadema has painted so much marble of late years that some of us had almost forgotten his skill as a portrait-painter. This year, however, he is exhibiting several excellent portraits. Black and white unfortunately cannot reproduce the harmonies of "Miss MacWhirter's" dark-blue skirt and pink bodice, the yellow of her straw hat, and the brilliant scarlet of the poppies which surmount it. Of Mr. Charlton we may say, as of Mr. Wrigman, "he is one of us." His picture shows to the full his power of representing animals in rapid motion. Mr. Adrian Stokes is a Newlyn-er, and as such never tires of rendering the sea as seen off the Cornish coast. His "Off St. Ives" resembles several of his other pictures, both in subject and in the masterly treatment of the breaking waves. There are both power and pathos in Mr. F. Bourdillon's "The Only Survivor;" while in "Kiss and Be Friends" Mr. Yates Carrington shows his usual perception of humour in animal-life.

NOTE.—By a slip of the pen our article on "British Naval and Military Medals," published on June 14th, made it appear that the Victoria Cross had only been awarded 210 times. Mr. T. E. Toomey, author of a lately published book on "The Victoria Cross and How It Has Been Gained," writes that the number should be 407; 212 (not 210) is the number of the surviving wearers of the Cross. With reference to the statement that the Canada medal has no clasp attached, a correspondent informs us that two years after the campaign a clasp ("Saskatchewan") was issued.—Our portrait of Mr. Matt Morgan, which appeared in the same issue, was from a photograph by Sarony, Broadway, New York.

MR. RICHARD CLAY

MR. RICHARD CLAY, whose death was announced in the last issue of the *Printer's Register*, died on May 24th, at his residence at Muswell Hill, after a long illness of about a year, from cancer, and leaves a widow and seven children, three sons and four daughters. The two elder sons are in the business at Bread Street Hill of which he was the managing director, the firm having been turned into a Limited Liability Company in January, 1888.

Mr. Clay was born at Highbury, May 18th, 1839, but had lived at Muswell Hill since he was seven years old, and at his death was the oldest resident in Hornsey. He was educated at Highgate School, under Dr. Dyne.

He entered the printing-trade in 1854 at fifteen, and was apprenticed to his brother, Mr. C. J. Clay, M.A., of Cambridge, the head of the University Press.

He patented a printing machine for printing half-sheet work on a single cylinder, and registered a plan for holding down stereo-plates by atmospheric pressure, which is now in use at Messrs. Clay's, Bread Street Hill, and at the Cambridge Press, besides other large firms.

He was elected a juror in the Printing Section at the Inventions Exhibition, and was on the committee of the Caxton Exhibition at South Kensington in 1872, where he exhibited his method of fastening down stereo plates.

He was actively engaged in the purchase of the business of Messrs. Childs and Son, at Bungay, when his firm took up that branch subsequent upon the death of Mr. Childs, and the purchase was carried out in 1877, prior to the death of Mr. Clay's father, the founder of the business at Bread Street Hill, who died at Muswell Hill in December of the same year.

Mr. Clay was an ardent Volunteer, having joined as a private in the local corps at Hornsey, and worked his way up to the rank of major. He retired last year, owing to ill-health, with the honorary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was also an expert shot with a rifle, and had won several prizes, having gained the St. George's at Wimbledon on one occasion. He passed the School of Musketry at Hythe in 1862.

He took a keen interest in local affairs, having been a member of the Local Board for about twelve years, and a Director of the

Hornsey National Hall Company, Limited, which was opened in November, 1888, by Lord George Hamilton.

Mr. Clay took an active part in the production of *The Graphic*



- MR. RICHARD CLAY  
Born May 18th, 1839. Died May 24th, 1890.

when it first started, the early numbers having been printed under his personal supervision at Bread Street Hill.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Debenham, 69, Palmerston Road, Southsea.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

SIR EDWARD RIDLEY COLBOURNE BRADFORD, K.C.S.I., who has been appointed Commissioner of Police in succession to Mr. Monro, is one of those distinguished Indian officers who, after proving their gallantry in warfare, have in later life shown their capacity for political work among the native Principalities of India. He is a son of the late Rev. W. M. K. Bradford, formerly Rector of West Meon, Hants, and was born in 1836. In 1853 he entered the Madras Army, became Lieutenant in 1855, captain in 1865, major in 1873, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1879, and Colonel in 1883. In 1857 he served with the 14th Light Dragoons in the Persian Campaign, and in the operations in the Jubbulpore district, and in the following year with Mayne's Horse against Tantia Topee under General Michel. He was also present at Scindwha and Karai, and, in 1858 and 1859, served under General Napier in Mayne's Horse. For his services he gained the medal and was twice mentioned in despatches. After the Mutiny he entered the Political Department of the Indian Government, and was appointed Resident First Class and Governor-General's Agent for Rajpootana, an enormous district south of the Punjab, containing more than 130,000 square miles, and including among its nineteen native States such principalities as Jodpoor, Jeypoor, and Odipoor. He discharged the very difficult duties of his position with great tact and discretion, and took an active part in the suppression of Thuggee. Sir Edward Bradford was a noted sportsman in India, and ran many narrow escapes in pursuit of big game. The loss of his left arm is owing to an encounter with a wounded man-eater, which mangled his arm so fearfully that amputation became necessary. On his return to England he was made secretary of the Political and Secret Department of the India Office, and last year



SIR EDWARD BRADFORD, K.C.S.I.  
The New Commissioner of Police

was appointed an A.D.C. to Her Majesty. He was also chosen as one of the officials to accompany H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale on his visit to India during the winter. Sir Edward Bradford has the reputation of being a cool, courageous, and resolute officer, and one who carries out his duties with swiftness and tact. Among those who know him his appointment as Chief Commissioner is considered a most excellent one.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fry and Rahn, Lucknow, India.

BELGIUM now contains 6,093,798 inhabitants, according to the census just taken. The population has increased over half-a-million in six years. Forecasts of the American census, taken on the 1st inst., estimate a large advance on previous returns. New York proper contains about 1,627,227 souls, the population of the suburbs, such as Brooklyn, Jersey City, &c., raising the total to 2,800,000. Chicago expects to stand second among the great cities, in the place of Philadelphia.



THE TURF.—Some remarks upon the Ascot Meeting will be found among "Our Illustrations." As a result of his recent accident Donovan has been taken out of training, and will forthwith retire to the stud, where he will lord it in company with St. Simon, Ayrshire, and St. Gatien, a goodly quartette. At the time of writing Memoir was favourite for the St. Leger, 9 to 2 being accepted about her chance; Heame was next in demand, at 11 to 2; while Surefoot as a result of his Ascot failures, had been driven to 10 to 1. On Monday a testimonial was presented by a number of well-known sportsmen to Lord Durham, in recognition of his efforts to purify the Turf.

CRICKET.—Fortune has continued to frown upon the Australians. Although Shrewsbury was unable to play, the Players put a very strong team in the field last week, and compiled the huge score of 526, the second largest ever obtained in England against Colonial bowling. To this Gunn was the chief contributor with 228. His innings, the largest ever made against the Australians, was the very perfection of accomplished batsmanship, the defence being impregnable, and the hitting clean and accurate all round. Against this the Australians could only make 155 and 107. Against Yorkshire this week they suffered their seventh defeat.

The end of last week was productive of other large scores. Against Sussex (it is always poor Sussex which comes in for these unkind favours) Cambridge University, after being 91 runs behind in their first innings, put on 703 (for nine wickets) in their second. To this, the largest score ever made in an English first-class match, Mr. F. G. J. Ford contributed 191, Mr. M'Gregor (the most improved bat of the season) 131, and Mr. C. P. Foley 117. Meanwhile poor Oxford was allowing Lancashire to make 475 (Sugg 171). This week the Cantabs got beaten by M.C.C., while the Oxoniens managed to defeat Sussex; so next Monday's match between the rival Universities may not be the certainty for the Light Blues which on paper it appears. Kent scored a lucky draw against Gloucestershire, for which Mr. E. M. Grace hit up 96 in quite his old form; and Gloucestershire got badly beaten by Surrey, though "E. M." again did well with 77. Cricketers will regret to hear that W. Midwinter, the well-known Gloucestershire and Australian professional, has become insane.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A sculling match between O'Connor and Stansbury, rowed at Sydney on Monday, resulted in favour of the latter, who may now be considered, *de facto* if not *de jure*, Champion of the World in succession to the lamented Searle.—On Monday next the All England Lawn Tennis Championship Competition begins at Wimbledon. Nearly all the crack players of recent years will compete for the honour of meeting Mr. W. Renshaw, the present holder.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, assisted by seven prelates, consecrated, on Tuesday, in St. Paul's Cathedral, the new Bishops of St. Albans, Bangor, Sydney, New South Wales, and the Bishop Suffragan of Swansea.—The Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury will meet on Thursday, July 3rd, to take into consideration the Primate's Clergy Discipline Bill.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM, presiding on Monday at a meeting at Gateshead in support of Central African Missions, said he rejoiced that the Anglo-German agreement gave, in the respective spheres of influence, perfect freedom for missionary work. From the equality of intercourse between those who occupied the respective spheres, we might look forward to the absence of political complications in the future. Bishop Smythies, of Central Africa, said that he had heard with exceeding joy the unexpected provisions of the Anglo-German agreement.

AT THE INSTANCE OF THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S, the Rev. John Lloyd, who last year succeeded the new Bishop of St. Asaph's as Vicar of Carmarthen, has been appointed Suffragan Bishop of Swansea.

ANOTHER UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT of a missionary kind in East London, but this time in connection with Mansfield College, Oxford, and Nonconformist Churches, is to be established in Canning Town, next September.

PROFESSOR G. J. ROMANES, the eminent scientist, delivered the Presidential Address at the fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Sunday Society, the audience including Lord Dorchester, the Rev. S. Hansard, and the Rev. H. V. Le Bas, Preacher to the Charterhouse. In the report, reference was made to a great triumph of the cause in Scotland, which is noted for its strictness in observing the "Sabbath," the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens having been opened on Sundays, with satisfactory results.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A total of more than 34,500/- had been received at the Mansion House by the middle of the week for the Hospital Sunday Fund.—The Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy are, as formerly intimated in this column, devoting their Clergy Distress Fund exclusively to the relief of clergymen suffering loss in respect of their glebe-land, many of whom are in the greatest distress. At the last meeting of the Court of Assistants 65/- was thus granted, and of the 1,500/- subscribed for this special object there is now in hand a balance of only 500/-—According to the report presented at the annual meeting of the promoters of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, 7,286/- had been paid in grants to a large number of aged curates, whose average length of service was twenty-nine years, and average stipend, after labouring for twenty-five years, was only 118/- per annum. Last year there were seventy new applications for grants, and twenty-three vacancies in the list of grantees; but, from the present state of the fund, the Council could only issue twelve new grants. An urgent appeal is made for financial aid.—252,302 children belonging to London Board Schools this year voluntarily entered themselves for the preliminary examination in Scripture knowledge, success in which leads to participation in the prizes, Bibles and Testaments, to the value of 500/-, given triennially by Mr. Francis Peck, with whom, as donors, the Religious Tract Society are now associated.

A TRAVELLING CHURCH will be put upon the Transcaspian Railway shortly, to provide occasional services for the Russian officials of the line and the settlers scattered about. Externally, the church resembles an ordinary railway carriage, except for a cross over the roof and a little belfry at the entrance. Inside, however, it is beautifully fitted up for the service of the Greek Church with a carved wooden altar, and accommodation for seventy worshippers. The priest and his assistants travel in a tiny *coupé* attached to the church-carriage.

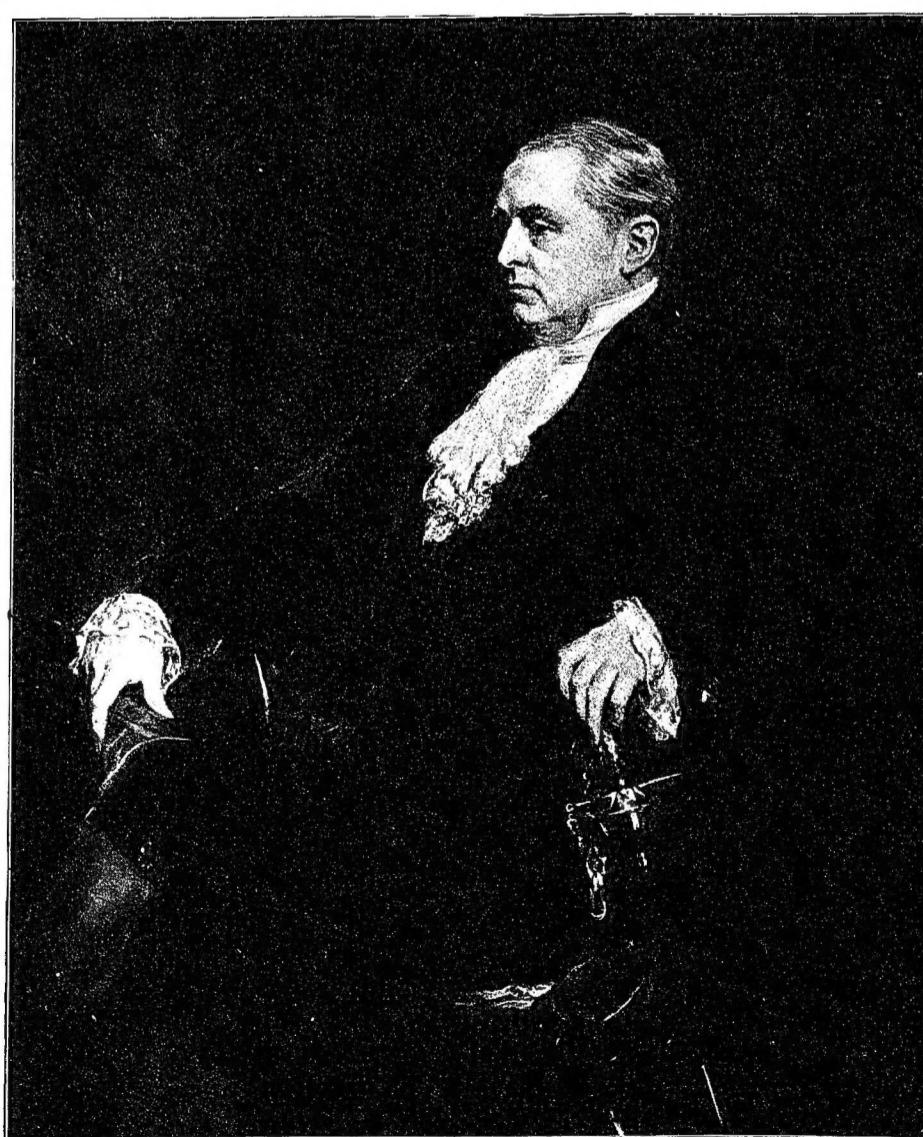




ARTHUR J. ELSLEY

"AN UNWILLING PARTNER"  
(The Copyright is in the possession of Messrs. Grover and Co.)

*Royal Academy*



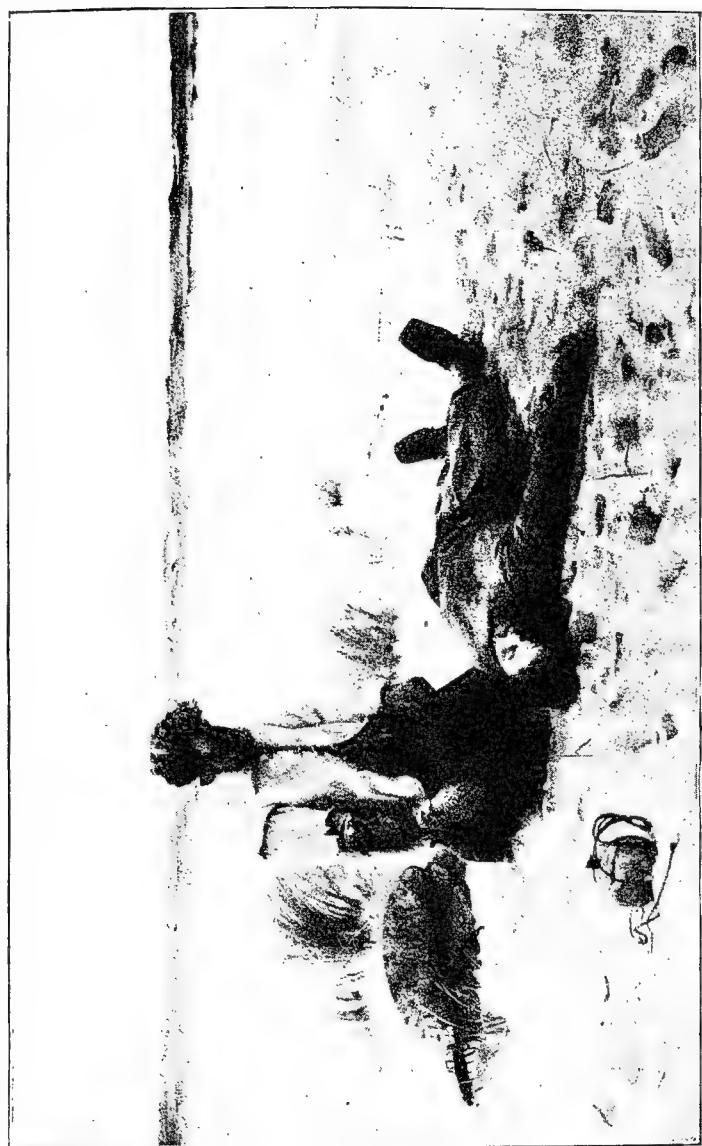
T. BLAKE WIRGMAN

"THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES HANNEN"

*Royal Academy*



L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.  
"MISS MACWHIRTER"  
*New Gallery*



Royal Academy

F. BOURDILLON  
"THE ONLY SURVIVOR"  
(Copyright reserved)



Grosvenor Gallery

J. YATES CARRINGTON  
"KISS AND BE FRIENDS"



Royal Academy

J. CHARLTON  
"THE MUSIC OF THE EAGER PACK"



Royal Academy

ADRIAN STOKES  
"OFF ST. IVES"

PICTURES OF THE YEAR — IV.  
(COPYRIGHT)



THE state of unrest in the House of Commons, at times reaching the proportions of a Ministerial Crisis, has lasted with moving incidents throughout the week. The bone of contention has been the luckless Compensation Bill, which unloved on the Ministerial side, has been fiercely attacked from the Opposition benches. A climax was reached at the close of last week, when, by a bit of strategy, the Bill was threatened with imminent destruction. The innumerable amendments to the first Clause had been wearily worked off. The question had been put that the Clause stand part of the Bill. When progress had been reported Mr. Storey was speaking, and there was nothing in his Parliamentary career that justified the hope that he had finished when interrupted by the stroke of midnight. Ministers looked forward to at least several hours further debate, and did not expect the division much before the dinner hour. They had urged their supporters to be in their places not later than half-past five. But it was Cup Day at Ascot, and it was known on the Opposition benches that the train bringing back the main body of absenteers would not arrive till half-past six. So it was arranged that Mr. Storey should forego his opportunity of continuing his speech, and that the division should be forthwith taken.

Heads were counted, and at half-past four it was known to a certainty that the Government were in a minority of between thirty and forty. If a division could have been brought on at that moment, nothing could have saved the Bill. This First Clause was the head and centre of the whole scheme. If it were thrown out, the Bill must needs go. There were only two things that could possibly defeat the well-laid plan, with the inception of which Mr. Labouchere is credited. One was the verbosity of the Irish members. There were ninety questions on the paper—an incident bad enough for the conspirators, but threatening to be fatal by reason of the practice of the Irish members, who insisted upon multiplying them fourfold, springing without notice supplementary questions addressed to the Chief Secretary. The other danger was that the Government, recognising the plot, should defeat it by the simple expedient of putting up a man to talk against time, "till night or Blücher should come."

Of course neither Mr. Storey nor his friends had the monopoly of debate. The Ministerialists had just as much right to make speeches against time as the Opposition. That they did not avail themselves of the privilege fostered the belief that Ministers were by no means unwilling to profit by the opportunity provided them of decently escaping from the incubus of a measure that has brought them into such evil case. Had the Bill been thrown out in these peculiar circumstances, as the result of a smart trick on the part of the Opposition, Ministers would have been saved from the discredit of failure, whilst the terrible Bill would have been safely shelved. However it be, when the division was called Ministers and their followers sat silent; the House was cleared, and the Bill was saved by a majority of four—228 voting for the first Clause, and 224 against it. The Irish members had spoilt their chance, prolonging the questions till the Ministerial ranks had been reinforced.

But a principal measure of any Ministry which has escaped destruction by only four votes, however the catastrophe has been brought about, is doomed. Through Saturday, Sunday, and Monday the political world was agitated with rumours of intention to withdraw the Compensation Clauses. The fact was positively asserted, angrily denied, and finally, the drift of opinion in Ministerial circles settled in the direction of disbelief. On Monday morning the supporters of the Government in the London Press unanimously declared against withdrawing the Clauses, warning Mr. Smith that "such a course if adopted would seriously discredit the Government in the eyes of the country." Mr. Smith, rising in a crowded House, announced that Clauses 5, 6, and 7 of the Bill, which provide the machinery for the extinction of licenses, would be dropped. The Budget Bill has already imposed the increased taxation of spirits from which compensation was to be drawn. The tax must, therefore, needs be raised, and what the Government propose to do is that it should be set aside "ear marked," as Mr. Smith styled it, till Parliament dealing with the whole question of licensing shall decide upon its disposition.

This concession was avowedly made with the object of conciliating Opposition and clearing the way for the advance of remaining portions of the Ministerial programme. But it became speedily plain that the Government had made a fresh miscalculation. Sir Wilfrid Lawson hastened to give notice that he and his friends would oppose what was left of the Bill in every possible way, seeing that it still sanctioned a proposal to devote public money for the purpose of the extinction of liquor licenses. Mr. Caine created some sensation by applying for the Chiltern Hundreds, and posting off to Barrow to fight his re-election on the question of compensation. The Government attempted to go forward with the Scotch portion of the Bill, but met with so little encouragement that, as early as half-past ten, Mr. Ritchie proposed to report progress, when a fresh fight arose on the question whether the Bill should be taken on Tuesday or Thursday.

Tuesday was finally fixed. But Tuesday brought with it its fresh and apparently final disaster. Just as the House was preparing to resume Committee on the Bill, Mr. Healy raised a point of Constitutional Law affecting Parliamentary Procedure. He pointed out that in the Budget Bill it was enacted, upon an amendment introduced by himself, that the proceeds from the increased duties on spirits and beer were to be appropriated as Parliament might hereafter direct "by any Act passed in the present Session." He submitted to the Speaker the question whether, in view of this plain direction, it was competent for the Government to allow the money to accumulate till an indefinite period, when the Licensing Law might be dealt with as a whole? The Speaker plainly intimated his opinion that such a course was not permissible, and, amid boisterous cheers from the Opposition, the discomfited Ministry postponed further consideration of the Bill till Thursday.

Whilst the Government have been beating their head against this stone wall of the Compensation Bill, they have had difficulties in other directions. The resignation of Mr. Monro led to a heated debate, out of which the Home Secretary came better than seemed probable at the outset. But there remains the disturbed condition of the Police, which may at any moment give rise to complications reflected with lurid light on the Treasury Bench. The "shadowing" by the Police in Ireland is a topic of never-failing attraction for the Irish members, the questions nightly flooding the House being only the prelude of the battle-royal that will rage round the Irish Police vote whenever it comes on. A Committee has been appointed to inquire into the question of carrying the Bills over from Session to Session. The Opposition did not object to this course, which was, indeed, adopted on Mr. Gladstone's suggestion. But it is clear that on the Report of the Committee there will be a prolonged struggle. Meanwhile July is at hand, and there are a hundred and fifty votes in Supply, including a list of Ministerial measures, sufficient of themselves to occupy a Session. The only gleam of sunlight on the Parliamentary week has been the pretty scene in the House of Lords when the Prince of Wales's eldest son took his place as a Peer of the Realm.



**POLITICAL.**—The Licensing Clauses of the Local Taxation Bill, which have produced such a ferment out of as well as in Parliament, have ceased to embarrass the Unionist party. On Tuesday evening the announcement was made that they were to be dropped. This decision had been preceded by Mr. Caine's precipitate resignation of his seat for Barrow, where at the last election he was returned as a Liberal Unionist with the aid of the Conservatives. In the long address to the electors, in which he offers himself again as a candidate, there is a good deal of trenchant criticism, not only of the Licensing Clauses, but of the general policy of the Government, and his new candidature will not be supported by the local Conservatives.—In striking contrast to the opposition offered to the Licensing clauses has been the chorus of approval which has greeted the delimitation of the spheres of British and German influence in Africa. Those who know least of the subject-matter of the Anglo-German agreement may well rest satisfied with the wisdom of the arrangement since it has received an enthusiastic welcome from Mr. H. M. Stanley, who up to the hour of its promulgation was loud in the indignant expression of a fear that British interests in Africa were about to be sacrificed to German avidity. Those who know most of the matter, and have the greatest personal stake in an equitable adjustment of what were the rival claims of England and Germany in Africa, are perfectly satisfied with the result of the negotiations at Berlin. It is accepted with gratitude not only by Mr. Rhodes of the South African Company, but by Mr. Ewing, the manager of the Lakes Company, and by Sir William Mackinnon as Chairman, and by Lord Brassey as Vice-Chairman, of the Imperial British East African Company.

NEXT in its alarming character to a military mutiny, though of course very considerably less dangerous, would be the general strike of such a body as the Metropolitan Police Force, on which the safety of London so greatly depends. A tendency in that direction has been manifested by some members of the Force, in which there is a rather widespread dissatisfaction with the Government's superannuation scheme, and a pretty general assertion of a claim to an increase of pay. The new Chief Commissioner of Police, Sir Edward Bradford, seems well aware of the danger lurking in assemblages of malcontent constables at which inflammatory speeches may be made. He has informed superintendents of police that such meetings being contrary to the published regulations cannot be allowed, but at the same time he is understood to have intimated his desire that this prohibitory order is to be carried out as quietly as possible. It was arranged by the malcontents that delegates from each division were to hold a conference on Monday afternoon in the station-yard at Bow Street. When several hundreds of constables arrived there, they were refused admission, and were informed by superintendents that the meeting was prohibited. With some difficulty they were induced to disperse. A number of them proceeded to Adelphi Terrace, and having been addressed in front of the Police Institution in a sensible speech by one of the delegates, who protested against anything like disorderly proceedings, they quietly dispersed, and left the delegates to confer in private. Meanwhile, the grievances of the men are being considered by the authorities and others. The Conservative members representing metropolitan constituencies held, on Tuesday, a meeting, presided over by Sir Algernon Borthwick, at which it was agreed to request the Government to refer the Home Secretary's Police Bill to a Select Committee, and urge that the Committee be instructed to give "separate consideration to the special claims of the Metropolitan Police."

LORD ROSEBERY, it is understood, has declined, on the ground that such demonstrations are uncongenial to him, the farewell banquet, on his resignation of the chairmanship, which was being organised by members of the London County Council. It is also understood that, pleading his Parliamentary and other engagements, Sir John Lubbock, the Vice-Chairman, has declined to be nominated a candidate for the chairmanship of the Council. At the weekly meeting of the Council on Tuesday, Lord Rosebery was requested to act as an *ex officio* member of the London Conciliation Board, in response to a request from the London Chamber of Commerce that the Council would be represented on it.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON has received a hearty welcome from all classes and parties during his visit to Edinburgh and its Electric Exhibition. At banquet given him by the Lord Provosts and other Provosts of Scotland, he said that although there had been Lord Mayors of London for seven hundred years, he was the first to visit Edinburgh in an official capacity, and he hoped that such visits would be repeated.

BETWEEN three and four thousand pounds have been subscribed for the fund being raised by the *St. James's Gazette* for the relief of those deserving survivors of the Balaclava Charge who are in a state of destitution or distress. The sum falls short of that required if adequate relief is to be administered. Among the most recent subscriptions is one of 250*l.* (a first instalment) from the citizens of Melbourne, Victoria.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his seventy-ninth year, at Wynberg, Cape of Good Hope, where he resided many years, of the Rev. the Earl of Stamford; in his seventy-third year, of Sir Warington W. Smyth, one of our chief authorities on mineral products and mining industries, Chief Mineral Inspector to the Crown, Chairman of the Royal Commission on Accidents in Coal Mines, 1879-86, for the last sixteen years Foreign Secretary to the Geological Society, and author of the standard work "A Rudimentary Treatise on Coal and Coal-Mining," among the many translations of which there is one into Chinese; in his seventy-ninth year, of Mr. Godfrey Sinclair, the youngest son and last survivor of the large family—all its members were more or less distinguished—of the well-known Sir John Sinclair, M.P., the founder of Mr. Pitt's Board of Agriculture, and the author of a vast number of works on agricultural, financial, and social subjects; in or about his forty-sixth year, of Mr. Edward C. Baber, a valued Anglo-Indian official, Political Officer at Bhamo, previously in succession, Chinese Secretary of Legation at Pekin and Consul-General in Corea, widely known by those explorations in Eastern Szechuen and the borders of Tibet, his account of which was published by the Royal Geographical Society, and which procured him the gold medal; in his seventy-third year, of the Rev. E. Yonge, Rector of Hempstead, Norfolk, a living in the gift of Eton College, where he was for many years an assistant-master, and editor of Horace and of Cicero's letters; in his seventy-second year, of Captain George D. A. Amiel, Military Knight of Windsor, formerly of the 10th Foot, who was present at the Battle of Sobraon; of Mr. William A. Porter, formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, late Secretary to the Corporation of London; in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. Henry S. Maharajah of Mysore; in his sixty-first year, of Mr. Worsfold, Surveyor-General of Customs; of Mr. William J. Foster, solicitor, Chairman of the Law and City Courts Committee of the Corporation of London; in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. Robert H. Soden Smith, Keeper of the Art Library of the South Kensington Museum, the formation of which was mainly his work; suddenly, of Mr. W. H. Stubbs, chief engineer on the Manchester,

Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway; in his eighty-third year, of Mr. Thomas Brown Jordan, first known as a mathematical instrument-maker and the author of very ingenious inventions in applied science, from 1840 to 1845 the first Keeper of Mining Records, and latterly a mining and mechanical engineer in London; and in or about her fifty-first year, of Mrs. Wombwell, professionally known as Miss Fanny Josephs, manager of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, and formerly of the Holborn and Olympic Theatres, London, for many years a popular, as well as versatile, actress.



BLACK ICE-CREAM is the newest Transatlantic dainty this summer. The cream is covered with charcoal and the juice of Turkish prunes, and looks more novel than appetising.

BATH has introduced the electric light into her chief streets instead of gas. The Mayor on Tuesday night "switched on" the light to the public lamps with much ceremony. The enterprise is considerable, as forty miles of underground wiring supply fifty-nine streets.

A THREE HOURS' DRIVE WITH A SNAKE was taken recently by a lady in Ceylon. On getting out of her carriage she moved the cushions to find something which had slipped down, and to her horror discovered a huge cobra coiled up underneath. Had not the creature been in a semi-torpid condition she could not have escaped alive.

ANOTHER MEMORIAL TO GENERAL GORDON is suggested—this time at his birthplace, Woolwich. The promoters of the scheme want to buy the house where he was born (1, Knupt Terrace, Woolwich Common) and found a Boys' Home, or some such charitable undertaking consistent with Gordon's philanthropic efforts.

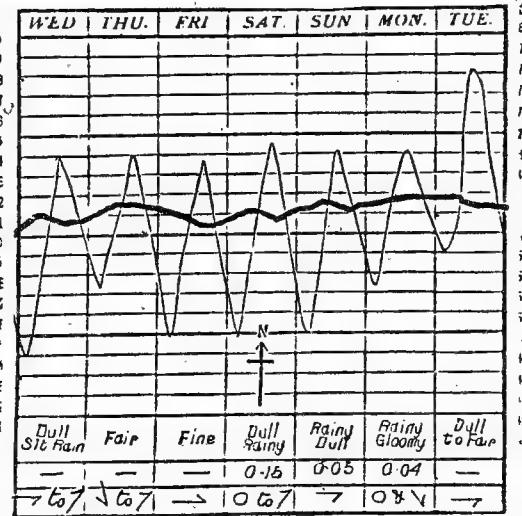
THE POORER CLASSES IN SOUTH LONDON keenly appreciated the Loan Art Exhibition at the Morley Memorial College, which has just closed. On an average the daily number of visitors reached 1,200, and, according to the votes taken, the picture best liked was Mr. Edwin Long's "Rose of England," for which Princess Victoria of Teck was the model. Landseer's "Hellellyn" was second favourite.

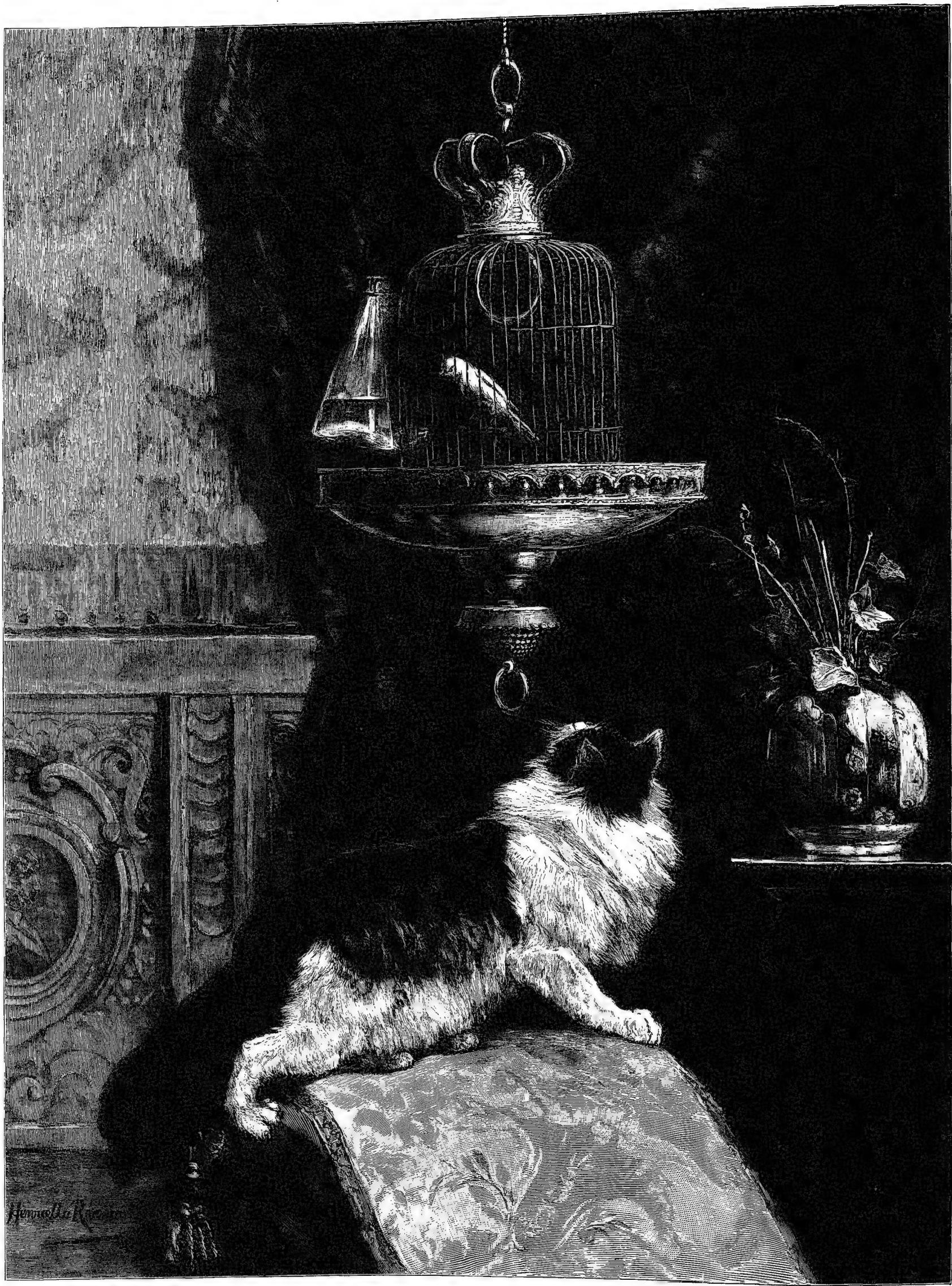
LONDON MORTALITY increased slightly last week. The deaths numbered 1,387, against 1,375 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 12, and at the rate of 16*4* per 1,000. Fatalities from diseases of the respiratory organs, however, diminished to 215, a decline of 25. There were 99 deaths from measles (a rise of 40), 66 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 34), 24 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 1), 19 from diphtheria (an advance of 1), 15 from scarlet fever (an increase of 4), 6 from enteric fever (a decline of 5), 2 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea, 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. Different forms of violence caused 54 deaths, including 8 suicides and 1 murder. There were 516 births registered.

"MUSICAL RIDES" being such favourite military displays in the present London season, it might be worth considering whether our soldiers could not take a hint from the picturesque festival at Berlin on Sunday. The First Prussian Life Guards kept the 150th anniversary of their formation by Frederick the Great with an entertainment illustrating the military history of Prussia from 1740 to the present day, Emperor William and the Court being present. The colonel of the regiment first advanced to the Imperial box, escorted by soldiers bearing the oldest standard and trumpets, and recited a prologue. Immediately afterwards followed an equestrian quadrille, the riders wearing the original uniforms of 1840. Princesses Victoria and Margaret rode in this quadrille, which ended with the chase of a negro drummer, whose kettledrums suddenly burst open and showered bouquets on the ladies. Then came a quadrille of the non-commissioned officers in costumes of 1806, another of recruits in the garb of 1830, and a final display by the officers in their present gorgeous array. The whole regiment then saluted the Emperor, while a body of dismounted troopers sang an appropriate chorus.

#### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1890





"A LONGING LOOK":  
FROM THE PICTURE BY MADAME RONNER, EXHIBITED AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY



"BLOOMSBURY AND ST. GILES," by George Clinch (Truslove and Shirley). There is something very fascinating to the passing visitor, as well as to the resident, in the history and associations of the London parishes. The metropolis of the world has grown and grown, and in its increase has swallowed up a city and country villages without number, blotting them out and merging them in the vast mass of bricks and mortar till all individuality seems crushed out of them. But all these submerged villages have a history, and many of them are as old as London itself. On either side of that great thoroughfare along which every one has hurried once in his life, are the two parishes, Bloomsbury and St. Giles, which every one may not have explored; and of these Mr. Clinch has constituted himself the sacred bard. The book is well illustrated with maps, and from them we see that in the thirteenth century the Hospital of St. Giles was situated among pleasant fields close by the country road that led to Tiborne, while on the other side of the hedge were the pasture lands on which now stand the squares of stolid Bloomsbury. Three hundred years made but little difference in those days, and towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign men still had to take a country walk to reach St. Giles and the few houses that clustered round the church, though the Strand was fringed with houses and gardens stretching to the river, all the way from Temple Bar to Charing Cross. Among the Bloomsbury pastures the great Manor House, called after its founder, the Earl of Southampton, had arisen, but all around the fields and hedges stretched away to the distant hills of Highgate. Seven Dials was an open field, though even then preparing for coming notoriety by being the rendezvous of idle and vicious persons, while Agas' map of London shows women drying clothes upon the grass, and not from lines slung from window to window, where now stands the dingy quarter of Soho. But the next hundred years saw great changes. The speculative builder had seized upon the outlying fields at the back of the Strand, and was busy erecting the Alsatia known as the Rookery of St. Giles. Nor did Bloomsbury escape, for round the two great mansions, Southampton House and Montague House, well-built houses, "well inhabited, and resorted to by gentlemen for lodgings," began to rise, so that in a short time London had completely swallowed up the country parish, and endowed the Saint with a slum instead of a hospital. For many years St. Giles bore a most unsavoury reputation, but things are better now, and the omnibus, which is the pioneer of civilisation in many a London slum, now rumbles cheerfully over ground which old prints show to have been quite impassable a hundred years ago. Mr. Clinch has written a very interesting book, but, should a second edition be called for, he will do well carefully to revise his work, for at times he is as regardless of grammar as though he were gazing upon the accursed jackdaw of Rheims. The third paragraph on p. 75 is, in its way, a gem. Ringing the changes has frequently been described in the police-court reports much more lucidly, and with less tangling and twisting of the English language, than in this excellent book. Nor is "the most crowded assemblage were gratified," on p. 131, altogether a pleasant way of putting it. The account of the British Museum is naturally very good, and the maps and engravings, many of which are reproductions in photomezzotype of rare works in the British Museum, greatly increase the interest and value of the letterpress.

"Through Gasa Land, and the Scene of the Portuguese Aggression," by Parker Gilmore (Harrison and Sons). "Ubique" needs no introduction to English readers, and those who look in his pages for descriptions of sport in the Haggardian vein will not be disappointed. But, in spite of the rather catchy title, the book is not, strictly speaking, up to date, for the journey narrated in it appears to have been undertaken several years ago. However, till quite lately events in that part of Africa moved very slowly, and the face of the country has remained unchanged since Mr. Parker Gilmore and his two companions traversed it. The sportsmen started from Lorenzo Marques, and worked due north till they reached Mashoona Land, when they struck south-east and reached the coast at Sofala. Mr. Gilmore is, therefore, in a position to state what amount of influence Portugal enjoyed in those lands at the time of his journey, and he does so in very few words. He found that there were only two ports on the seaboard of Gasa Land held by the Portuguese, and that beyond the limits of these ports the settlers dared not go, while in Mashoona Land the Portuguese actually paid a heavy annual subsidy, which was strictly enforced, to the Matabele King for permission to trade on the Zambesi River. This tallies with the account given by all travellers on the East Coast of Africa, and, under the circumstances, Mr. Gilmore is quite justified in dismissing the Portuguese claims as preposterous and ridiculous. It is difficult to imagine what object a decayed State like Portugal can have in so noisily claiming a district it dares not set foot in, unless it be a desire to drape itself in the picturesque rags of its former greatness. Mr. Gilmore pronounces the country a rich and fertile one, but shows that the Portuguese have ruined trade in it by the system of kidnapping slaves for the Brazils and elsewhere, which they carried on for many years. In the hands of capable British immigrants, the land should prove of great value, for there is much well-watered and sheltered pasture, and when the buffalo, and with it the tsetse fly, has been driven out, there will be a splendid opening for the stock-raiser in what is absolutely a new land. The natives, too, are industrious, ingenuous, and inoffensive, and the valuable timber which is found on the low-lying ground would prove a great source of wealth. In short, Mr. Gilmore is of opinion that, although the present claimants have not been able to do anything with it, yet in the hands of men like those who made New Zealand, Australia, and Canada what they are, the prospects of wealth and prosperity for this part of South Africa are unbounded. It will be the duty of the great Company which has Southern Africa for its sphere to see that this rich country is not lost to Englishmen.

"Lane's Modern Egyptians" (Minerva Library: Ward, Lock, and Co.). If ever there was a book that deserved being published in a cheap and popular form it is the account of the manners and customs of the modern Egyptians, as recorded in 1833 by Mr. E. W. Lane. Sixty years ago Englishmen cared very little for Egypt; it was not then the much-frequented high road to India, nor had we taken upon ourselves the task of saving it from itself and from its friends. When quite a young man Mr. Lane went out to Egypt, adopted the native dress, spoke nothing but Arabic, and succeeded at last in penetrating into the inner life of the people as no European had done before him. In this book he wrote from the fulness of his wonderful knowledge; and as a storehouse of facts, and as a contribution to Egyptian social history, it remains without a rival. But it has an added value at the present day. In the sixty years that have elapsed since Lane was studying Egypt a mighty change has come over the Land of the Sphinx. It has become a stepping-stone in the path along which the British Empire takes its way Eastward, and, from being the scene of the squabbles of Viziers and Pashas, it has become a battlefield of modern diplomacy. The land has altered more in the last half-century than it did in several preceding centuries, and the Egypt that Lane described has almost passed away. But much yet remains the same, and the spirit that

enabled Lane to sympathise so fully with Oriental modes of thought makes the book as valuable to the student of to-day as to his predecessor of fifty years back. We owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Bettany that he has allowed no Jerry-bookmaker to improve the work or bring it up to date. We are content to have it as Lane wrote it—a book that has few equals in the way it places Oriental life before European readers.

"Sir John Franklin: The Discovery of his Fate after Forty Years' Silence," by J. H. Skewes (Bemrose and Sons). This is a second and supplemented edition of that most extraordinary "revelation" concerning Sir John Franklin's fate published by the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Liverpool. A little girl of seven, the daughter of a Captain Coppin, is said to have been the medium of this discovery. Her favourite sister, who had died a short time before, was in the habit of appearing to her, and of writing on the wall scraps of information hidden from the rest of the world. In one of these trances, on the question being put, "Where is Sir John Franklin?" there appeared upon the wall in large round-hand letters, about three inches in length, the following sentences:—"Erebus and Terror. Sir John Franklin, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, Point Victory, Victoria Channel." It is difficult to criticise such a book as this. If it be true, it is as much above criticism as it is beneath contempt supposing it to be an imposture. There is no mean in matters of this sort, for those who believe in spiritualism will pin their faith to manifestations through thick and thin, and in the face of every kind of disproof, while those whose disbelief in these revelations will stick to their opinion in spite of any accumulation of evidence. Most men are able, and many men are willing, to be deceived, and those who are sceptical about the revelations of a medium have always the argument of involuntary self-deception to fall back upon. In matters incapable of mathematical proof individual faith or incredulity must be allowed full play.

"Beethoven," by H. A. Rudall (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington). In this volume of the "Great Musicians" Series Mr. H. A. Rudall has given us a most excellent sketch of the great composer. Ludvig von Beethoven was born at Bonn, in the year 1770. His grandfather and his father were both musicians; but, as the father's talents led him to live rather by others' labour than by his own, little Ludvig was kept severely to the piano, and soon blossomed into a fine specimen of the infant prodigy. However, his genius was not destined to be killed by over-forcing, and his marvellous talent is a matter of common knowledge. When his father ceased living upon him, his brothers took up the profession; and consequently, when Beethoven died, in 1827, he died a poor man, though he had made what were then considered vast sums by his music, and was unquestionably the first musician of his age. Mr. Rudall's book is exactly what such a work should be: it gives us the man as he lived and moved, and not a mere cut-and-dried catalogue of his compositions.

"The Blue Mountains," by Lewis Armytage (W. H. Allen and Co.). This is a little volume of stories for children. As is almost invariably the case nowadays, these stories seem to be modelled on the imitable tales of Lewis Carroll; but, as is also invariably the case, the creaking of the machinery betrays the absence of the master hand. Only once in a generation does a man arrive capable of writing stories for children, and the full thirty years have not yet passed away. But, in default of better, Mr. Armytage's stories will no doubt find an audience.

"The New Popular Educator," Vol. III. (Cassell and Co.) If the rising generation is not uncommonly clever, it will not be for want of schools or of books. The third volume of Cassell's New Popular Educator is a perfect storehouse of knowledge clearly and lucidly set forth. It includes everything beneath the sun, from Shakespeare to the musical glasses, and may with advantage be studied even by those who fancy that their schooldays are over.

"The Book of the Household," Vol. II. (Cassell and Co.) This is a work of reference on domestic economy, intended chiefly for girls and young housewives. Like all Messrs. Cassell's publications, it is marvellously thorough, and if it serves to alleviate the pangs of matrimony on a small income, it will earn the gratitude of many a middle-class family.

"The Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey." By David Masson. (Adam and Charles Black.) This is the seventh volume of the present edition of De Quincey's works, and includes some of his Historical Essays and Researches. Among the papers it contains are the Pagan Oracle, The Essenes, Greece under the Romans, Modern Greece, and the Revolt of the Tartars. If publishers would send out their work-a-day editions with the leaves cut, it would make existence easier.

"The Mining Manual for 1889-1890." By Walter R. Skinner. This stout tome should have many readers, for every one dabbles in mines nowadays. It contains full particulars of all mining companies, lists of their directors, solicitors, bankers, and other officers. It also gives the amount of capital authorised and paid up, and the addresses of the registered offices of the different companies. Doubtless there are some sad stories hidden away in these pages.

#### LADY BLESSINGTON AT GORE HOUSE

ACCORDING to Dr. Madden's trustworthy, but terribly discursive, biography of Lady Blessington, the date of her migration from Seamer Place to Gore House, Kensington Gore, formerly the residence of William Wilberforce, was early in 1836. She continued to occupy the latter house until April, 1849, when, from causes with which the world is familiar, the establishment was broken up, and she retired to Paris, where her death from apoplexy took place in the following June. From what I have been told—my own acquaintance with Lady Blessington having been limited to the last few years of her London career—her style of living was on a far more expensive scale after her installation at Gore House than it had previously been, and her social circle considerably enlarged. Then, as indeed it always continued to be, her drawing-room was the favourite resort of celebrities of every kind, English and foreign, a few of whom, including Bulwer, D'Israeli, and Moore, are graphically described by N. P. Willis in his "Pencillings by the Way." Other constant visitors at different periods were Prince Louis Napoleon, Lord Brougham, Alfred de Vigny, Dickens, James Smith, Countess Guiccioli, Dr. Quin, Macready, and the irrepressible Countess d'Arlincourt, whose letters to his hostess, published by Dr. Madden, are epistolary curiosities unsurpassable for self-complacency and overweening conceit.

When I first saw Lady Blessington, I was particularly struck by the unaffected kindness of her manner, and by the entire absence of formality in her reception of a comparative stranger. I say comparative, for although I had never met her before, I had contributed for some years to one or other of the two annuals under her editorship, and had been frequently in correspondence with her. She had then passed the prime of life, but was still handsome, and in her youth—as indeed the portraits by Lawrence, Chalon, and Parrish sufficiently testify—must have been extremely beautiful; her figure had suffered more than her face from the inroads of time, but, despite its redundancy, neither lacked distinction nor grace. Her voice was low—"an excellent thing in woman"—and rich in tone: and a not unpleasing sough of Milesian accent gave an additional zest and piquancy to her lively conversation.

Lady Blessington seldom received visitors until late in the afternoon, her mornings being devoted to literary work; her income

from this source averaged for a considerable period a thousand a-year, but was subsequently reduced to little more than half that sum, partly owing to the gradually decreasing circulation of the annuals, and partly to the failure of Mr. Charles Heath, by which she lost seven hundred pounds. To this latter financial collapse she alludes in the following hitherto unpublished letter, addressed to a Paris correspondent, a portrait of whose wife had been accepted by her for the "Book of Beauty":—

GORE HOUSE, April 4, 1845.

"MY DEAR MR. —

"I know not when I have been so mortified and vexed as this morning, when I received a communication from the proprietors of the 'Book of Beauty,' stating their determination not to insert in that work the portraits (however great their merit and beauty) painted by foreign artists. Had I been aware of this resolution, I would not have given you the trouble of sending over the graceful and charming portrait of Mrs. —. I received it on Tuesday, and we were all greatly pleased with it. I wrote to the proprietors the next day, and sent them the drawing, anticipating that I should receive their thanks for procuring so great an attraction for the book. Judge then of my disappointment and annoyance at the illiberal regulation they have made, a regulation which excludes several charming portraits from the work, and which has no other ground than the professed one of employing only English artists in order to conciliate the English Press. I have protested against this monstrous illiberality, and hoped to have induced the proprietors of the 'Book of Beauty' to abandon it; but they will not adopt my counsel, and to my great regret I am forced to decline the portrait. When the 'Book of Beauty' and 'Keepsake' were in Mr. C. Heath's hands, I had *carte blanche* to select all the illustrations. I unfortunately failed in business five years ago, by which I lost a very large sum; and ever since the management of the illustrations of both works has been consigned to the assignees (four in number), who are as destitute of taste as they are impracticable. I am so vexed at this recent resolution, which deprives me of the honour of gracing my pages with Mrs. —'s portrait, that, were it not that my resignation as editress would involve the loss of all the money due to me, I would certainly send it in. I rejoice, however, that, though the illiberal feelings to which the assignees pander deprive me of the charming face of your wife in my book, I cannot be deprived of seeing in both my annuals the clever and graceful productions of your pen. Pray present my best compliments to Mrs. —, in which my nieces and Count d'Orsay unite, and believe me, my dear Mr. —, your obliged

"M. BLESSINGTON."

The dinners at Gore House were on a very sumptuous scale, but the company, exclusive of the hostess, her two pretty nieces Marguerite and Nelly Power, and Count d'Orsay, rarely exceeded four, or at most half-a-dozen.

On one occasion I had the good fortune to meet Lord Brougham there, who, being a privileged person, eschewed evening dress, and appeared in his well-known "checks;" from the time he entered the room to his final departure he completely monopolised the conversation, talking incessantly on every conceivable subject, and enchaining the attention of all present by the shrewdness of his remarks, and the pungency of his humour.

It seldom happened that an evening passed without a constant relay of visitors dropping in on their way from one house to another, and often remaining until long after midnight; in this most pleasant of salons every variety of topic was in turn discussed, from the latest political rumour to the book of the day, or the triumph of Jenny Lind.

Even during the years immediately preceding the "break-up," the receptions at Gore House underwent no change; nor, whatever foreknowledge of the impending disaster its inmates may have had, was its near approach suspected by outsiders; so that, when at length the crash came, and the many valuable objects and Art-treasures had been dispersed by the auctioneer's hammer, the unexpected collapse of one of the most popular houses in London caused a mingled feeling of surprise and regret. I was absent from England at the time of the sale, and knew nothing about it until it was over; according to Dr. Madden, however, it realised (all expenses paid) nearly twelve thousand pounds.

As a novelist and miscellaneous writer, Lady Blessington enjoyed for some years a fair share of popularity, but the success of her books was ephemeral, and the present generation knows little or nothing about them. I can remember when "The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman" and "The Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre" were in everybody's hands, whereas now it would be a matter of some difficulty to find any one who has even heard of, much less read them. Occasionally, perhaps, those in the habit of studying booksellers' catalogues may come across a second-hand copy of "Conversations with Lord Byron," or "The Idler in Italy;" but even these, by far the best things she ever wrote, are nearly if not quite forgotten.

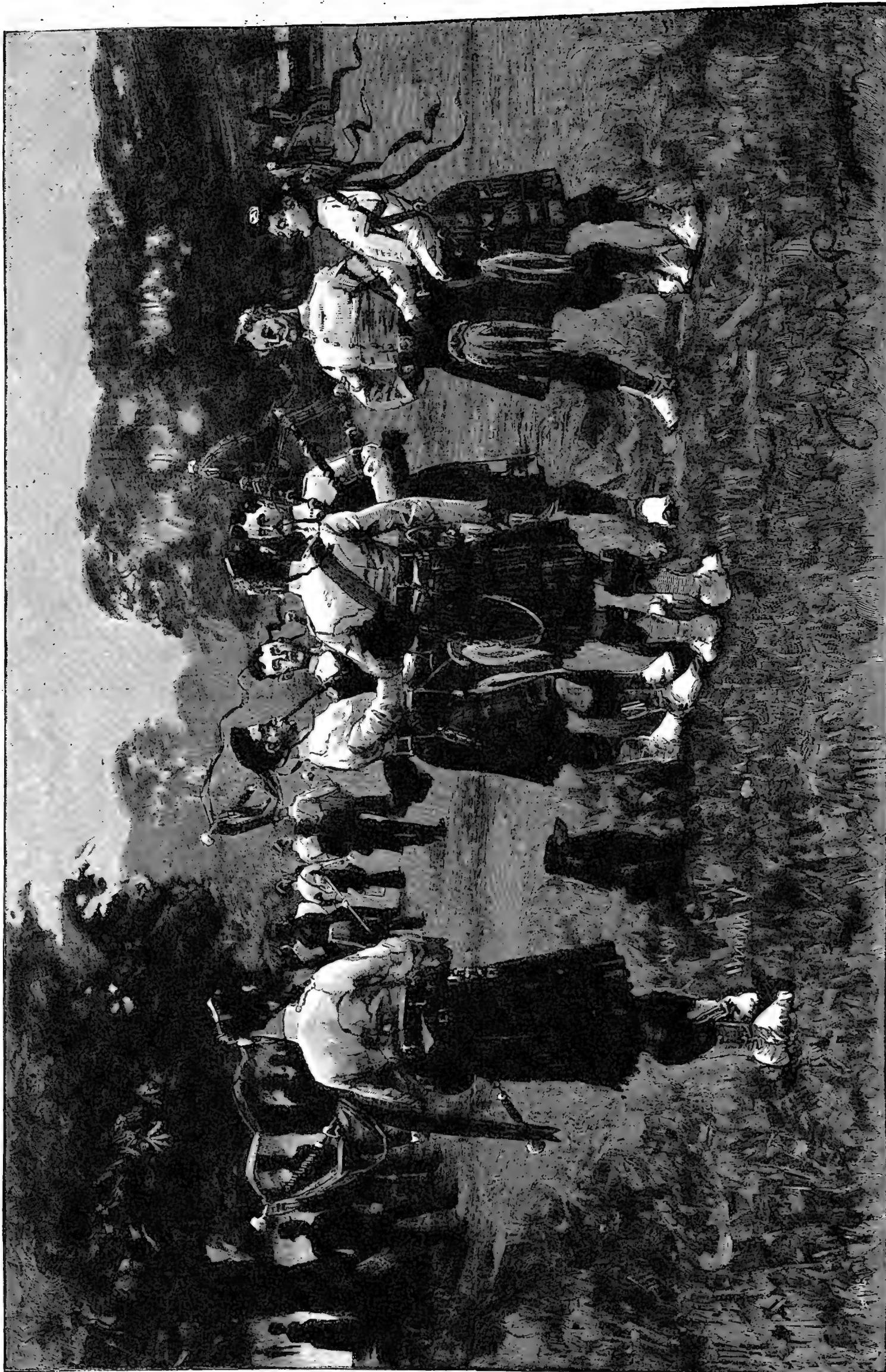
Time has dealt less harshly with Count d'Orsay. His merit as a painter and sculptor may possibly have been over-estimated during his life, but his undeniable artistic qualities are still appreciated at their real value. Who may now be the owners of the very remarkable picture of Our Saviour, exhibited in London some forty years ago, and of the life-like portrait of the Duke of Wellington, I am unable to say; but specimens of his gallery of contemporary portraits drawn in profile may now and then be met with, and command good prices. This most interesting collection includes from two to three hundred notabilities of that period, both male and female, the former predominating; scarcely a name of any distinction in political, literary, or fashionable circles being absent from the list. From Byron, Wellington, and Louis Napoleon, to Dickens, Carlyle, and Landseer, the celebrities of bygone days are to be found in this pictorial *olla podrida*; and what materially enhances the value of the collection is the fact that many of the portraits of less important personages, such as Henry Luttrell, Trelawny (when young), Colonel Gurwood, Lords Allen ("King Allen"), Chesterfield, and Ossulston, Charles Standish, and Johnny Bushe, exist in no other form.

I saw a good deal of d'Orsay during his last years in Paris, where he lived very retired, and rarely quitted his studio. Shortly before his death, which took place in August, 1852, he gave me a clever sketch by himself of Frédéric Lemaître as Robert Maïaire, which I have carefully preserved as a precious memorial of one of the most gifted and amiable men I have known.

I have little to say of Marguerite and Nelly Power, except that both were charming and attractive girls, and after Lady Blessington's death were left in straitened circumstances, occupying a small set of apartments in the Rue de Courcelles. Marguerite edited the *Keepsake* for the two last years of its existence, when the old contributors with one accord rallied round her; Nelly's death, however, from a rapid decline induced her sister to return to England, where she continued her literary labours with, I fear, but little success, and died in 1867, sincerely and deservedly regretted by all who knew her. I may add that the portraits of both sisters have appeared in "The Book of Beauty;" Marguerite's by Drummond, and Nelly's by Sir Edwin Landseer.

C. H.

PAPER IS MADE FROM A SPIDER'S WEB in China, and, though nearly transparent, a sheet will bear two columns of distinct print. The sacred white spider furnishes the necessary web.



HIGHLAND PIPERS PRACTISING IN HYDE PARK



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

Zephyany sprang from it and came hastily towards them.

## "MADAME LEROUX"

*"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."*—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

LORD GRIMSTOCK would have been still more completely reassured than he was as to Mildred's safety from any wooing of Dick Avon's could he have witnessed that scene in the rose-walk, wherein one of the actors had ended by saying something he had firmly resolved not to say; and the other by revealing something she had resolved to hide.

But it may be doubted whether his lordship would have been wholly comfortable in his mind, even if he had witnessed it. For although he cared more about his niece, Mildred Enderby, than about his second cousin, Dick Avon, yet he had a considerable warmth of regard for the young fellow. He thought him manly, modest, and sensible—just the sort of young Englishman calculated to do honour to the class of old landed gentry, and to prove to the clodhoppers, in various ways which they could comprehend, the superiority of the old blood over the *parvenus* who bought up the land, preached social equality on the hustings, and would have thought their treble-gilt gentility tarnished for ever by shaking hands with Farmer Giles, or accepting a mug of cider in Dame Giles's kitchen, as Dick did many a time.

Yes; young Avon was a fine fellow: worthy to be advanced to a distinguished position in the county, for its credit and the good of Great Britain; worthy, even, to make an excellent marriage, and win any wealthy and well-born young lady—except Lord Grimstock's niece.

Now Miss Lucy Marston, although a really charming young creature, whose beauty, intelligence, and refinement my lord admired extremely, was neither wealthy nor well-born. And for such a one as Richard Avon to choose her for a wife would be about as disastrous a business as could well be imagined.

To say the truth, something like this view of the matter was held by Lucy herself. And she had endeavoured to point this out to Dick as soon as she recovered from the first rush of agitated joy at learning that he loved her.

But Dick proved singularly inaccessible to conviction on this score, waving aside her wisdom, and insisting on answers to his questions with an air of masterhood which was, somehow, delightful, although a little alarming.

"Do you care for me?" said Dick, holding both her hands, and looking down upon her commandingly from his superior height. "If you can look me in the face and say you don't care for me, there will be no need to say a word more. But if you do love me—even a thousandth part as well as I love you—why, there are no more words to be said!"

Lucy could not help laughing at this climax, brought out with great fervour. "The upshot is, then, that in any case I had better hold my tongue," she said.

"The upshot is that you had better tell the truth, like a dear, brave, sensible girl."

"The truth!—Yes; but the truth is rather complex, and a little bit of the truth, picked out all by itself, may be almost as misleading as falsehood."

"The truth I want from you is very simple, and can be said very short. Do you love me, Lucy—yes or no?"

She hesitated, with downcast eyes, standing before him, while he held her at arms' length with both her hands in his.

"Come! haven't I a right to an answer? Do you love me, Lucy—yes or no?"

She slowly lifted her eyes to his, and said, almost in a whisper, "Yes; but—"

"God bless you, dear!" said Dick, tenderly raising one of the little hands he held to his lips, and then placing it under his arm. "That's enough. The rest is *my* business."

But Lucy, nevertheless, considered it her duty to point out to him what a very foolish thing he was doing in choosing so poor and humble a young woman as herself; and how certain it was that his family would disapprove and oppose his choice.

"Well, you see," answered Dick demurely, "I'm a humble-minded individual, conscious of my small deserts; and I long ago made up my mind to be content with the best, and sweetest, and dearest wife in England. I ask for nothing more. As for the rest—you shall be properly received, I'll answer for it. And, indeed, it's nonsense to imagine anything else."

Lucy had her own opinion as to that; but she could not insist on it without saying something which would appear like a complaint against his mother and sisters. "But, Mr. Avon," she began—

"Can't you call me by my Christian name? You might as well begin—just for practice, you know," observed Dick.

"But—Richard—"

"No; that's not quite right yet. Better, but not quite the thing. Try again."

"You won't let me speak!"

"Yes, I will, if you speak properly."

"Well, then—Dick—"

"What a darling you are!" exclaimed Dick, suddenly throwing his arm round her.

"There, you see!" remonstrated Lucy, disengaging herself.

"You don't listen a bit the more!"

"I think I had better shut my eyes," said Dick. "I don't know

how to listen quietly when I look at you and think that you really, really, do care a little bit for a poor fellow. You do, don't you—just a little bit?"

Lucy vowed that she would answer no more such questions until he should have given his attention to what she had to say. And then, in some fashion or other—possibly by the ingenious device of keeping his eyes shut—he did allow her to set forth her views.

Her opinion was that, since a very long time must inevitably elapse before they could think of marrying—if, indeed, they ever could think of it—there ought to be nothing like a formal engagement between them; and that, in fact, she should refuse, in his interests, to let him be bound, or to bind herself.

"But why should it be such a very long time before we could be married?" demanded Dick, almost angrily.

"You yourself talked of years of waiting!"

"Ah, but that was before I knew you would have me," said he, naively.

"That changes nothing."

"It changes everything—for me, that is to say. It may not make much difference to the Emperor of China, but for me it just simply changes the whole round world, Lucy. I will tell you a plan I have been considering—"

"What, now? In this minute?"

"You must know, madam, that I have been thinking about you and about all that might happen if the one good thing would happen that I didn't dare to hope for—I have been thinking of it, all night and day for the last fortnight."

"Oh!"

"You look as if you didn't believe me. Ask Lord Grimstock! Why, only yesterday, when he and I were looking at the pigs together, I scarcely knew what I was saying; and the pigs might have been turned into hippogriffs for all I should have known of it!"

Then Dick proceeded to lay before her the outlines of a plan he had in his head: which was, briefly, to let all the land he was now farming himself; to leave his mother and sisters to inhabit the old home, and to go abroad again for a year or two, until he should have amassed a small capital sufficient to enable them to live modestly at Avonthorpe, and make the estate pay its way. "The bit of money I brought home from Australia," said he, "I have invested, with the view of making some small provision for the girls. Poor things, it's hard upon them; for when they were little, they might fairly have looked forward to being comfortably provided for. But we Avons were never millionaires, and poor Cedric—my elder brother, you know—fell into bad hands, and had run

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through thirty thousand pounds before he was three-and-twenty. It was very hard on the girls."

Lucy observed that he never once hinted at the family troubles being hard on himself; and she loved him the more dearly for it.

"There's a man who I think would help me, if he could, to get something to do in the colonies, possibly in Ceylon, where he has, or had, a tea-plantation. I knew him in Australia, and he has since come to be a neighbour of ours. Rushmore his name is. I meant to consult him if you approved my plan."

Lucy approved it heartily, except on the ground which Lord Grimstock had advanced against a similar suggestion—the ground that it was a pity for Dick to exile himself. But this he put aside at once.

"I should feel dreadfully guilty though," she said, seriously, "to think of your making all those sacrifices for my sake."

"You must bear that load of guilt as best you can, for I'm quite determined on my scheme, unless you have any better reason than that against it."

"I should always be thinking of you, and fearing that you had jungle-fever or some dreadful thing, and nobody to look after you."

"Why," exclaimed Dick, turning to look in her face, "wouldn't you look after me? You don't imagine I should go away alone, do you?"

"Oh, Richard!" she fairly gasped, to hear him say this, as though it were the most obvious thing in the world.

"I know it's asking a great deal; but I thought—as you are alone in the world, no family to consult or take leave of—that you might trust yourself to me. I would be cautious, darling. I wouldn't hastily plunge you into a place with a bad climate, or away from civilised comforts. And it isn't like going out penniless, as I did when I was a lad. I should, of course, reserve enough money for us just to live upon; and I would insure my life for you. I have thought of it all."

To the lonely girl, the thought of going away with Dick—to be his wife, his helpmate, living their own life, they two together, far from all the ambitions, and pretences, and ignoble anxieties which beset the lives of poor gentlefolk, with "a position to keep up in the county"—was like a glimpse of heaven. And, to own the truth, the prospect of being separated by some thousands of miles from Mrs. Avon and her eldest daughter was not the least alluring among the temptations held out to her.

But ought she to accept it? Dick was so simply generous, so free from pride, so mindful of every one's claim to consideration but his own, that she felt more than ever bound to think for him, and to put out of sight all that concerned her own happiness merely.

At length it was agreed between them that they would keep their own counsel for a week, and that Lucy should write to him from Enderby Court. Dick, meanwhile, would go up to town, when Lady Charlotte and Mildred left Avonthorpe, to consult one or two men of business, and sound Mr. Rushmore, who was at present in London, and to whom, in his ardour, he wrote the same evening, begging for an interview, and then they walked back together towards the house.

"By the way," said Dick, as they went along the rose-walk, "what did you mean by talking of my being bound to some one else? What some one else could there possibly be? Since I came home, I have scarcely paid even the necessary duty visits to our neighbours. And there hasn't been any creature near the place whom I possibly could have made love to. The very servants are of patriarchal antiquity. I think Sally, the dairymaid, is the youngest of 'em, and she remembers me in petticoats!"

"It was hinted to me," said Lucy, slowly, "that you were as good as engaged to marry Mildred."

Dick burst out laughing. "Mildred!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless her heart, they might as well say I was engaged to marry Ermyntrude!"

Ermyntrude was his youngest sister.

"But who on earth told you such nonsense?"

"I must not say. I gave my word not to betray the person. And I want you to make me a solemn promise—"

"I intend to do so—a very solemn promise, before witnesses. 'I, Richard, take thee, Lucy—'"

"Oh, please, *please!*" she cried, holding up her hands in dismay. What was she to do if he went on at this rate? "You must promise me faithfully not to betray what I have told you to any one. It would do vast deal of mischief."

He gave the required promise without difficulty; thinking, in fact, that the rumour had probably originated with some gossiping lady's maid.

Lady Charlotte came back the following afternoon. Her brother had delayed his departure from Avonthorpe on purpose to see her, and to suggest her and Mildred's speedy removal to Enderby Court. He found her quite willing to fall in with this plan. She felt that even the small amount of exertion she was called upon to make at Avonthorpe in the way of playing a social part among them was, at present, beyond her strength. At Enderby Court she would be entirely free from such claims.

"You don't look at all well, Charlotte," said Lord Grimstock, regarding her rather anxiously. "This place must be too relaxing for you. You look thoroughly worn out!"

"I shall be better at Westfield," she answered, quietly. "And, Reginald, I want you to do me a favour. When you get back to town, will you inquire about the best people to make designs for stained glass; and the probable cost, and so on? I want to put up a memorial window in the church at Grimstock."

"A memorial window—?"

"To Hubert," she answered, gravely.

Lord Grimstock made no remark, but merely promised to do as she wished. But he was greatly struck by the expression of this desire on her part. And he said, afterwards to his wife, that he thought this was the first time Charlotte had voluntarily mentioned their brother's name since his death.

"It would have been of no use for her to mention a memorial window before now; since she was too poor to give one, you know," returned Lady Grimstock, placidly.

Despite Mrs. Avon's objections and protestations, the departure of Lady Charlotte and Mildred from Avonthorpe was fixed to take place almost immediately. They were to break the journey by staying for a couple of nights at Lord Grimstock's town house, and then proceed at once to Enderby Court, whither Lucy was to go with them. Mrs. Avon was, however, somewhat consoled to find that "business" would take her son to town at the same time, and that he would travel up with them. Neither she nor her daughter Mary in the least believed in the business. But they were delighted to observe Richard's lover-like eagerness to remain as long as possible in his cousin's company.

Before they started, it was agreed among the three young people that Dick should call at Lord Grimstock's house on the day after their arrival in London, and escort Lucy to pay a visit to Mrs. Barton and Peggy. Mildred was greatly interested in the Bartons, and had been consulting with Lucy as to what means she thought could possibly be taken for improving Peggy's position, and procuring her some more congenial employment than that of Mr. Tudway Didear.

"How strange it will seem to me to be going up those stairs to Mrs. Barton's, *now!*" said Lucy privately to her lover.

"Poor little pet!" he answered, pressing her closer to his side, with a protecting gesture. "Thank God, all that is over for you!"

"Who knows? And if it be, it is not all over for thousands of

other poor girls. Oh, Dick, don't let us ever forget what poverty really is! Let us try all our lives to help people by holding out our hands to them heartily, and not just dropping our pennies into a box for their benefit!"

"Yes, dear," he answered, seriously. "That very thought has often come into my mind when I have been very hard up, and getting knocked about rather roughly; that nothing else could so thoroughly have taught me what lots of other fellows—many of them more deserving than I—have to endure. But I assure you," he added, breaking into his deliciously good-humoured smile, "that, what poverty are not likely to incur the smallest danger of forgetting what poverty really is!"

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

ON the day following their arrival in town, which was a Sunday, Lady Charlotte remained in her own room nearly all day, and Lady Mildred to drive with her in the afternoon; so that Grimstock took Dick to pay her visit to the Bartons.

She had written previously to Peggy to announce herself; and Dick and she walked to Soho from Lord Grimstock's house, "to spin it out," as he said.

He left her at Mrs. Barton's door, and was to return for her in an hour. As he walked away he shuddered to think of his darling, so young and delicate, and nurtured in refinement, earning her bread as the slave of Tudway Didear, and dwelling amid the sordid surroundings of that dingy street. "Thank God it is over!" he said to himself. "Come what may, I will never let her go back to that—not if I have to earn a home for her with a spade and a pick."

Meanwhile, Lucy was being received with extraordinary rejoicings by Mrs. Barton and her daughter. Peggy's generous delight in "Miss Smith's" being restored to her friends, and in the prospect of "Miss Smith's" remaining henceforward in that position of a lady to which Peggy had seen from the first she was entitled, was very touching.

"When I drew my head in from watching you out of the window that day, Miss Smith," said Peggy, in her usual rapid and animated style, "and what a lovely carriage and pair! Regular prancers! mother said to me, 'I shouldn't wonder if we've seen the last of Miss Smith,' and—"

"Peggy, my dear!" interposed Mrs. Barton, in some confusion.

"Well, you did, mother! Not blaming, of course. I'm sure such a thought was far from you. But it was very natural, you know, Miss Smith, when you were among such grand people. And of course, we know our distance. But I said, 'No, mother. If Miss Smith's alive, she'll come and see us again. She's above despising us because we're poor.'"

"Certainly that would be an excellent reason for so enormously wealthy a person as I am to despise any one," returned Lucy. But the tears were in her eyes.

"Oh, I don't say I should have felt sure of *every* one remembering us kindly! But I did feel sure you would. I haven't forgotten, and I never shall, how you stood up to old Diddleum for me. I knew you were real grit—I mean, thoroughly true-hearted—from that moment."

This was not the first occasion on which Lucy had observed Peggy check herself in the use of a slang phrase, and substitute a more correct one for it. And she complimented her on this improvement.

"You do think I speak better, then, Miss Smith?" said Peggy, much gratified. "Mr. Tomline says he doesn't like to hear a young woman talk slang. He says women are intended to be graceful and refined, and to—what is it again?—to humanise the rougher sex. I dare say they are; only, I suppose, things happen different from what was intended. Women were intended to eat, I fancy; and, in the matter of women's wages, I think the rougher sex want a deal of humanising. Fancy trying to humanise Old Diddleum by being graceful and refined! A cat-o'-nine-tails is the style of humaniser for *him*! However, of course, there's no need to lower yourself more than you can help; and Mr. Tomline is quite right about the slang."

"Mr. Tomline!" exclaimed Lucy, as soon as Peggy paused for breath. "Have you seen Mr. Tomline since we met?"

"Seen him? Rather!—I mean yes; indeed we have. Why—how do you think mother is looking, Miss Smith?"

Lucy was unable to see much change in the poor woman's pinched pale face; but she thought the expression of it more cheerful than formerly, and said so.

"That's it, Miss Smith; she's cheerfuller because she's stronger. Mother—just, if it won't tire you—just show Miss Smith—"

Mrs. Barton, with a little effort, rose to her feet, and, leaning on a stick, walked a few paces before sitting down again.

"There, Miss Smith," cried Peggy; "that's all Mr. Tomline's doing! Mother had been treated quite wrong before, he says. He considers mother a beautiful case, Miss Smith!" she added, in a glow of filial pride.

"How kind of him!" said Lucy, warmly. "What a good creature he is!"

The other girl looked at her curiously for a moment, and then said, quietly, "Yes, he is. We have reason to say so."

Then Lucy began to sound Peggy as to the possibility of getting her some better employment, and said that her friend Mildred Enderby was most anxious to be useful to her and her mother, if they could point out any way in which she could do so.

Peggy, after an instant's consultation in dumb show with her mother, answered that they were both very grateful for Miss Enderby's kind thought of them, and desired their grateful thanks, but thought that, for the present, things had better continue as they were.

"Mr. Tomline thinks," said Peggy, "that if mother goes on as well as she is doing, she might be well enough to take a little journey in a month or two; and change of air would be everything to her, Mr. Tomline says. I could get leave from Old Diddleum—from Mr. Didear for a fortnight in the autumn, because he's always slack then; and then, perhaps, if we could find a cheap lodging in the village near Miss Enderby's house, where you live—that would be heavenly, wouldn't it?"

"Very pleasant, indeed, Peggy; and I have no doubt it can be managed. But I shall not be at Westfield in the autumn."

"No?"

"No, I think not. I want to get another situation. I don't want to eat the bread of idleness, and, as you truly remarked just now, women are evidently intended to eat."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Peggy, with a very disappointed face; "I thought you were going to live in a grand house, and drive in a carriage, and do nothing at all, all the rest of your life."

Lucy was laughingly repudiating the possibility of her ever leading so dreary and useless an existence as those words suggested when Mr. Richard Avon tapped at the door, and was admitted. He chatted good humouredly for a few minutes before announcing that it was time to go.

Lucy had laid aside her hat on entering, and now went with Peggy into the little white-washed chamber she had formerly occupied to put it on again. No sooner were the two girls alone than Peggy said in a low, earnest tone,

"Oh, I am sorry for him."

"Sorry! For whom, Peggy?"

"For Mr. Tomline."

"What in the world for?" inquired Lucy, turning round from

the little cheap mirror on the wall a face of such evident unconsciousness that Peggy, clasping her hands together, exclaimed, "Well, I never! You don't know, then!"

"Know what?"

"That he's awfully fond of you, poor fellow!"

"Peggy!"

"Oh, please don't be angry with him! He never said a word, bless you! But I always was rather sharp, you know, and I found it out. I didn't think he'd much chance before, but now, of course, I'm sure of it," said Peggy, gravely.

"Oh, you must be mistaken," returned Lucy, hurriedly, and omitting to inquire on what Miss Barton's new certainty was founded.

"Not a bit of it!" said Peggy, mournfully. "He worships the very ground you walk on. Not that I blame him for it. I should do the same if I was him," she added, neglecting her grammar under stress of feeling.

"Indeed, I never guessed it," said Lucy, looking much distressed.

"I'll lay my life you didn't. You're not one to play cat-and-mouse with a man's affections."

"I have the greatest respect—the sincerest regard for him. He has been very good to me."

"He'll be proud to hear that, Miss Smith. I suppose we mustn't keep the gentleman waiting any longer. Thank you for coming to us. We feel it."

Lucy exchanged a cordial farewell with the good, simple women, and promised to let them have news of her, and then she and Richard went away together.

Peggy sat down, leaning her cheek on her hand, and remained silent for full five minutes. A circumstance so unusual induced Mrs. Barton to inquire what was the matter. Whereupon Peggy declared her conviction that "those two," nodding in the direction of the door, were engaged, or next door to it.

"Dear me, Peggy, you don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Barton, much enjoying the small excitement of this bit of intelligence. "Why, now, I declare I always fancied Mussio Zephyany would be the man—such a distinguished appearance, and taking such an interest in her and all!"

Peggy shook her head. "No," she said, "it's this young Mr. Avon. You can see it in their eyes, when they look at each other. And it will be a blow to Mr. Tomline!"

But on this point Mrs. Barton was sceptical. She fidgetted with her black mittens, assumed as part of her Sunday toilette, and looked furtively at her daughter as she expressed her opinion that, although Miss Smith was a most amiable young lady, and sweetly pretty, and Heaven forbid that she (Mrs. Barton) should ever say to the contrary, yet there were other young women in the world, not devoid of personal attractions, and in many respects more suited for some persons than other persons could ever be; that, as for looks, clothes did make a vast lot of difference, let you say what you would; and that, for her part, she had that opinion of Mr. Tomline, that she would never believe but what he had an eye to recognise sterling merit, and the cheerfulness temper, and the best of daughters, though she said it!

Poor Peggy endured these oracular observations in silence, until she felt one or two irrepressible tears stealing down the sides of her little nose; when she said, in an unnaturally sprightly tone, "I'll be back directly, mother!" Slipping into the adjoining garret, she relieved her feelings by what she called "a good cry," and presently returned, under shelter of the gathering dusk, which disintegrated her poor red nose and eyes, to her mother's side, sweet-tempered and dutiful as ever.

When Lucy and Richard had descended to the street from Mrs. Barton's fourth floor, they paused a moment to decide which way they should return to Lord Grimstock's. Lucy declaring that she was not tired, Dick replied that, in that case, he would endeavour to discover the longest way, since they still had plenty of time before dinner. She was smiling at him, and the two bright young faces were very near together, when a small, dark brougham passed them, turning round the corner of a neighbouring street. After it had gone a yard or two beyond them it stopped, and, to Lucy's surprise, Zephyany sprang from it, and came hastily towards them.

She whispered his name to Dick, who had often heard of him from her, and they stood awaiting his approach.

"Mademoiselle," said Zephyany, touching his hat to the other man with a silent salute, "there is some one in that carriage who wants to see you for a moment. Will you come? It is Madame Leroux."

Zephyany involuntarily shrank a little, and Zephyany's quick eye detected the slight movement. "She is in great trouble, Mademoiselle," he said earnestly. "She has just lost her husband. She comes now from his deathbed. Do not refuse to see her! It will be but for a moment."

Greatly wondering, Lucy took his proffered arm, and suffered him to lead her to the brougham; while Zephyany, speaking quickly over his shoulder, said to Dick,

"You are Mr. Avon? You know my friend Rushmore? Allow me to say a word to you when I have conducted Mademoiselle."

Zephyany threw open the door of the carriage, and motioned Lucy to get in. When she did so, she found herself face to face with Madame Leroux, who had placed herself on the small seat with her back to the horse; so that she was in partial shadow, while the rosy westering light which had suffused even the murk of a London sky fell full on Lucy's face.

Madame Leroux was of a marble pallor, but there were no traces of tears upon her face; and it was in a perfectly steady voice that she replied to the girl's murmured words of condolence.

"Yes—my husband is dead—just dead. I knew that he must die. But there is more difference between looking forward to what must be, and looking back on what has been, than one would imagine."

"It will comfort you, by-and-by, to remember how devotedly you nursed him," said Lucy timidly.

"Yes; it is the only comfort that I was not hard to him; that I bore with him to the last. But let us leave the dead in peace. You are young, and have life before you—life and love. That young man by whose side I saw you, loves you. Do you love him? Ah! I see."

For a rosy flush that did not fall from the sunset sky glowed in Lucy's face. She moved back a little with a half proud, half timid, gesture.

"I am not speaking from idle curiosity," said Madame Leroux, falling into one of the most exquisite inflections of her lovely voice. "You were not happy when you were with me. We did not understand each other. I am glad to hear that you are now with others who make you happy. I shall never see you again. You will remember that I said I wished you to be happy?"

All this time she had remained dry-eyed and entirely unpossessed. It was Lucy who was moved by these unexpected words from one to whom she had attributed dislike and unkindness. She took one of Madame Leroux's hands between her own, and answered with great feeling, "I shall always remember it, and thank you for saying it in the midst of your own sorrow."

Madame Leroux, looking from the carriage window, saw Zephyany approaching. "One moment," she said in a low

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bent forward, and Madame Leroux embraced her and kissed her head. But suddenly the touch of the young form in her caused her to open the fountain of tears. The tenderness of her life rose up before her like a phantom. She was gone. Rushmore despised her. Even to this young woman of her bone, and flesh of her flesh—she would remain a figure to be thought of with repulsion, or, at the best, with compassion.

An impulse came upon her to claim her child. It was no impulse for the past that moved her—scarcely, even, the stirring remembrance of tenderness—but rather an instinctive clutching at human hand by one who sees a long and lonely road before him, with an empty sky, whence the dusk is slowly closing down.

She pressed the girl close to her breast, now shaken by convulsive sobs, and raised her eyes to Zephyny's with one mute look of appeal. He slightly, but decisively, shook his head.

The force of will was in the woman, that she gathered up all her strength to push Lucy from her, saying to Zephyny, "Take her away."

She threw herself back into the farthest corner of the carriage, as it moved away, she did not once look back to where Lucy had left her in the sunset light with her unknown mother's tears upon her cheek.

(To be continued)

"A LONGING LOOK"

JANE RONNER, whose pictures are now on view at the Fine Art Society, was the daughter of J. August Knip, a painter of Vienna, where she was born on May 21st, 1821. As a child, she showed signs of remarkable talent, and when, in 1832, her eyes became blind, she began under his direction a course of hard self-education. Every day, from sunrise to sunset, either in doors or out of doors, she was at her easel, reproducing everything round her which attracted her attention. In this way her powers rapidly ripened. She first exhibited in 1837, and since then has held an honourable place in all the artistic centres of Europe. She has painted all classes of subjects, but her favourites



MADAME RONNER

are dogs and cats. With these latter, in particular, despite the difficulty of catching their varied expressions, she has been very successful. A few weeks ago we published some of her pictures, and now we engrave a finished picture, which gives perhaps a more complete idea of the character of her art. The Persian Puss, with up-turned face, casting "A Long Look," at the mild little canary in the cage above, is very real indeed. Madame Ronner lives in Brussels, where she died in 1850. In 1887, she was presented by the Belgians with the Cross of the Order of Leopold, and the Order of the Holy Ghost.



are now fairly launched into the summer, and the long warm weather has come at last, so that a chair in a shady spot is a very enjoyable resting-place from which to watch the moving panorama of fashionable life.

Fashions for all hours of the day and night this season are to taste of their wearers; unfortunately they are very gaudy, and the exaggeration when carried to excess, as is too often the case, may be easily avoided.

In the morning promenade tailor-made dresses in light summer fabrics of thin materials are well to the fore. They are with jackets and either tight-fitting vests of silk, or loose sleeves are still worn very high on the shoulders, and tight at the wrists. As a rule, young slim people do not wear mantles or jackets, unless it be a lace shoulder-cape with narrow frills. *Passementerie* shaped trimmings arranged in jackets, with cuffs and collar to match, are quite noticeable features of this season.

Very numerous costumes which were very effective in the sun-line was one of willow-green French cloth, richly in fine willow-green and copper-coloured cord; the shady of very light lacy straw, lined with green *crêpe de Chine*; a corsage of the *crêpe* was fastened down at intervals with

Another very attractive costume, worn by a pretty blonde, was of heliotrope foulard, with a small design of pansies in every shade, from the darkest purple to the palest hue; the flowers were thickly scattered on two-inch stripes of satin. The front of the skirt was of the plain foulard; at the sides were panels of satin, with a deep border of pansies and leaves on a larger scale than the rest of the dress; the back was arranged with accordion pleats. The bodice was cut all in one with the skirt at the back, and formed a Zouave shape in front over a waistcoat of heliotrope satin brocaded with yellow pansies; there was a small Medici collar with a heading of heliotrope glass beads; very high foulard silk sleeves, slashed with the brocaded satin. The hat had a low crown and round wide brim; it was of a dark shade of heliotrope areophane, in fine drawings; there were two wide frills of embroidered heliotrope lace put on in fans, which came beyond the brim; in the front were bunches of pansies in yellow and purple, with leaves; the sunshade matched the rest of the costume.

The wearer of this charming toilette was *en route* for a garden party, with a number of young friends, one of whom wore a very stylish dress of coral pink *mousseline de laine*, with a figured pattern of tiny cream-coloured and crimson rosebuds; the skirt was of coral pink foulard, with a very narrow white satin stripe. On the hem were three narrow flounces, edged with satin ribbon, crimson, and cream; the *mousseline de laine* upper dress was arranged on each side with two folds and a wide panel, then came a peep of the petticoat; the back was made with thick accordion pleats; a cream-lace long scarf was knotted carelessly in front; the hat was of the same design as the one mentioned above, carried out in pink and cream lace gauze and crimson, pink, and cream rosebuds.

Another pretty costume was of natural China silk, most exquisitely embroidered in white silk, and hemstitched; with this dress no trimmings were required. The bodice was simply gathered into a Swiss band of moss-green velvet; collar, cuffs, and epaulettes to match; very open lace straw hat lined with moss-green areophane, trimmed with pink moss roses, and the inevitable butterfly.

A third costume, of the palest fawn-colour smooth-faced cloth, was made with a *fourreau* skirt and a tight-fitting bodice, over which was a Zouave-shaped trimming of brown and gold *passementerie*; cuffs, collar, and epaulettes to match; a floral so-called bonnet of yellow broom.

A fourth costume worn by a young married lady was of heliotrope very rich *faille*, with a set of complete trimmings for skirt, bodice, &c., a natty little Zouave-jacket included, of handsome black *passementerie*; bonnet of puffed black *lisé*, with small ostrich feather-tips of heliotrope, shaded from dark to light, forming a fringe on the hair, and dotted over the top.

A fifth dress was of white very fine serge, with a plain-pleated skirt; on the front breadth were seven rows of white ribbon velvet, about half an inch wide; bodice and sleeves to match; floral bonnet of white jasmine and foliage.

The sixth costume, direct from Paris, was of Pompadour design on a cream-colour *crêpe* ground, trimmed with old blue *moiré* ribbon and white lace. On the petticoat, which was of blue soft silk, were ten narrow flounces edged with lace. Above the flounces was a drapery of the *crêpe* raised at each side with bows of ribbon. The corsage of *moiré* was very open, in the form of a waistcoat, under bodice of the *crêpe* gathered at the throat and waist, sleeves puffed from the wrist to the shoulder, gradually increasing in size. Hat of black crinoline trimmed with blue ribbon and pink rosebuds. One of the lightest and prettiest materials for hats which, whilst having a stylish appearance, can be made up into shady headgear is loofah; it has hitherto been used for ornamental purposes only, but makes most charming hats when trimmed with velvet, ribbon, and a wreath of flowers.

There is quite an *embarras de richesse* in new designs for tennis flannels, the only really appropriate material for that game, as it combines lightness with a due amount of warmth, and is a safeguard against sudden chills. Prettiest amongst the pretty is a very fine cream, pink, and blue ground flannel with silk stripes, which should be made with a plain skirt about two inches from the ground, a Norfolk blouse bodice, or a simply gathered bodice with a sailor collar and cuffs of one of the prevailing colours. Although not the most becoming headgear, the jockey caps or Tam o'Shanter of the same material as the costume are decidedly commodious and businesslike, either in the tennis court or on the river. Next to flannel, summer serge is popular, especially for dressy occasions. Our readers must be careful to avoid the fashionable *gigot* sleeves, as, though they are loose down to the elbow, from thence they are quite tight to the wrist, and when the arms swell from the exertion of the game, the pain of these tight sleeves is unbearable.

There is a very great variety in washing materials, foremost amongst which are exact reproductions of the flowered chintzes of half a century ago, which combine so daintily with plain sateen, and make our *belles* of the nineteenth century appear like veritable fancy shepherdesses as they wander on the seashore or through the green fields and lanes. Zephyrs—striped, brochéd, checked, spotted, and plain—are much worn; in fact, this is the leading material of the season.

Some superb costumes for dinner and receptions have been shown to us of late, prepared for matrons, old, elderly, and on the borderland of middle age. A very elegant dress was of buttercup brocaded silk, made with a demi-train, trimmed with old point lace, which was headed with ostrich-feather trimming in several shades of yellow; head dress of lace and feathers to match. A simple and very becoming evening dress for a young girl was made of the palest blue *glacé* silk; the round skirt was trimmed with three rows of silver *passementerie*, a very light and open pattern; the low V-shaped bodice was draped from the left shoulder with blue and silver guaze, whilst from the right shoulder came a long trail of wild roses.

White is very popular this season, from the neat little muslinette for morning wear, which costs but a few shillings, to the rich corded silk, brocaded silk, or velvet. At a recent garden party we noticed very many costumes of pure white, without the slightest tinge of colour. Unless the wearer has a really good, fair complexion, these all-white costumes are sure to prove failures. One fair girl, with the bluest of eyes and pale golden hair, was pronounced by an enthusiastic admirer to be a perfect poem bound in white silk; her costume was of white silk, with high sleeves and vest of *mousseline de soie*; her hat of *lisé* gauze was edged with tiny tips of ostrich feathers and adorned with a bunch of white roses; parasol to match; white silk shoes and pearl buckles. Her sister, who was a handsome brunette, wore a costume of the same design, but carried out in pale maize colour.

ARREST OF A HALF-BREED WHISKY TRADER  
BY NORTH-WEST CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

The days of stirring adventure in the North-West Territories of Canada have passed away with the advent of the white man with his plough and oxen. So long as Indians and half-breeds wandered at will from place to place in search of game a prohibition of the importation of liquors was a wise and fairly effective means of preserving order amongst them, the enforcement of this law and the general control of these gentry being carried out by the Mounted Police. But now the Indians are grouped on reserves, most of the half-breeds are settled down their claims, and the demand for whisky is for their successor the white man. The trade is a growing one, and its suppression quite impossible now with the force

engaged in it, which numbers only a thousand men, who are supposed to watch a frontier two thousand miles long, over which liquor might be smuggled. Without entering into the question of the advisability of attempting to force teetotalism upon a civilised community, we may safely stamp as bad a civil law that cannot be enforced, whose only effect is to alienate a legitimate source of revenue and to provide a lucrative occupation for men many of them outlaws and pests. Of such kidney, no doubt, is the gentleman depicted in our illustration. The scene is laid in the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains west of Calgary, Alberta. The police, acting doubtless from "information received" of the whereabouts of a whisky-trader, are coming along a mountain-trail. Suddenly they meet a Red River cart driven by a half-breed, who has his squaw with him seated behind. As whiskey-traders are often heavily-armed and desperate men, the command is given to "throw up your hands;" one of the policemen grabs the pony by the head, while under cover of his comrades' revolvers another will dismount and search the cart. Should he discover any liquor, half-breed, cart, and all will be taken to the nearest village, where on conviction before two magistrates the man will be fined 10/- for a first offence, or 40/- if a second one, half of which goes to our friends the police, while in default of payment the half-breed will be sent to gaol; and in either case pony, cart, and whisky confiscated.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. F. Remington. H. W. P.

THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF ELY,

WHO died on the 11th inst. at the age of sixty-nine, was the fourth daughter of the late Mr. J. J. Hope Vere, and niece of the eighth Marquis of Blandford. In 1844 she married the third Marquis of Ely, who died in 1857. Her relations with Her Majesty were of the closest possible character. As early as 1851 she was appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber, and this post she retained till last year, when failing health compelled her to resign. For many years she was believed to possess in the fullest degree Her Majesty's confidence—a belief which has been strengthened by the Queen's solicitude for her during her illness, and the touching reference in the *Court Circular* to her death. "The Queen has again been deprived," it ran, "of the valuable and devoted services of one of her dearest and most intimate friends. There is no one," it proceeded, "more truly regretted than Lady Ely, who was beloved and esteemed by the Queen's family and the whole Royal Household." A very large number of distinguished persons, including



JANE, DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF ELY  
Born 1821. Died June 11th, 1890.

Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and the Duchess of Albany, were present at the funeral, which took place last week at Kensal Green. Her remains were laid beside those of her husband and of her son, who died last year.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.

GERMAN FRONTIER TROUBLES are not confined to the Franco-Alsatian boundary. Last week the Queen of the Belgians, when driving from Spa, inadvertently crossed the Teutonic frontier, so some Custom House officials pounced upon the Royal carriage and insisted on searching it thoroughly for contraband articles, notwithstanding the protests of the Queen's attendants.

LIBRARY OF THE LATE FRANK MARSHALL.—The library of the late Frank Marshall will be sold at Sotheby's at the end of the month from June 30th to July 4th inclusive, the days fixed for bringing this collection to the hammer. Throughout his career the late joint editor of the "Irving Shakespeare" was well known as a collector of rare first editions of the early dramatists, and the theatrical books are of unusual interest; many scarce works have been added to his earlier collections from comparatively recent sales, such as that of the Mackenzie collection. Mr. Marshall's taste for first editions is shown in the collections of works by Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Sala, &c., and many specially covetable rarities by Dickens figure among the seventy-three lots of that portion of the sale devoted to this popular master. The interesting library of the late E. L. Blanchard, which follows on July 5th, forms the latter part of Sotheby's catalogue of Mr. Marshall's more extensive collection.

THE NATIONAL FÊTE IN PARIS, on July 14th, will be carried out with very similar arrangements to previous years. The festivities begin on Sunday, the 13th, with a grand musical entertainment, held first in the Cour du Carrousel of the Louvre, and afterwards on the Champ de Mars, before a "National Altar" decorated with patriotic banners and emblems of the Revolution. Commemorative medals will then be given to all the workmen who were engaged on the Eiffel Tower. The review of the school battalions will open the programme next day, followed by the review of the Paris garrison and fêtes in the old Exhibition grounds, on the Seine, and at various points of the city, besides the usual free performances at the Opera and State theatres. All Paris will be illuminated, and fireworks displayed at different points. The Government will spend 17,000/- on the fête, besides distributing 5,500/- to the poor. By the way, many poor women are employed just now in making the tricolour flags which decorate the windows on the fête day. They are paid 1½d. per dozen, and find their own thread.



SOCIETY AT ASCOT - THE CUP DAY  
DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS, R.W.S.



THE Anglo-German Agreement remains the most prominent topic in Continental politics. After the first burst of elation over Heligoland, GERMANY has somewhat changed her tone, being disposed to doubt whether she has made so good a bargain after all. Indeed, the Colonial party are in despair, more especially at losing the Protectorate of Zanzibar and Uganda—those "keys of East and Central Africa," as they are styled by Baron von Gravenreuth, Major Wissmann's second in command, who expresses his disapprobation in unstinted measure. Major Wissmann is more reserved, remembering his official position, but from the hints he let fall when arriving at Berlin on Monday, the Imperial Commissary thinks the agreement not altogether satisfactory from a German point of view. The German Colonial Society had prepared to welcome him with a grand *commers*—or festival of songs, speeches, and beer-drinking—but they have countermanded the entertainment on the plea that "the altered situation furnishes no occasion for festivals of joy." On the other hand, Government circles and a considerable share of the general public follow the lead of the Emperor, who is delighted with the agreement, and expressed his satisfaction to many Deputies at an Imperial garden-party. They set more store on closer friendship with England and strength in Europe than on expansion beyond the seas, and, as might be expected from his former views on colonial matters, Prince Bismarck joins this party, judging from the tone of the *Hamburger Nachrichten*. Opinions very respecting the strategic value of Heligoland, such an expert as Admiral Werner considering that the island cannot be fortified without enormous expense, and, even then, would scarcely protect the North Sea Canal or the mainland from attack. Nor do the Heligolanders altogether appreciate the proposed change, for they received the British Governor on his return with much cheering and singing the National Anthem. If the cession is ratified, probably the island will change hands in October, being taken over by Prince Henry with a German squadron, whilst for a time it would be governed by a separate Administration, like Alsace-Lorraine. German East Africa, too, is likely to become a Crown colony ultimately, when the Sultan of Zanzibar has ceded the coastline to the Germans. Just yet, however, the Government do not wish to discuss their plans openly, and during the reading in the Reichstag of the supplementary Estimates for East Africa the Foreign Secretary informed the House that any debate on the details of the agreement at present would prejudice the interests of German policy. Possibly, however, the Bill embodying the agreement may be laid before the Reichstag this session, as the negotiations will be concluded and the agreement signed within a few days. This subject has proved so absorbing that the Germans have had little attention to spare for anything else, even for some fresh orations from Prince Bismarck. Deputations from various German cities and associations are still presenting addresses to the Prince, who in reply to his Berlin admirers declared that he must express his opinions frankly; for he could not be a "dumb dog." The Finance Minister has now allowed the Chancellor into retirement, being replaced by the prominent National Liberal leader, Dr. Miquel.

Outside the Empire, foreign opinion on the Anglo-German Agreement varies considerably. Having no African territories, AUSTRIA can afford to approve her neighbour's action, and to look more particularly to the effect on European politics. To her mind, the understanding strengthens the prospects of European peace.

Though a little anxious about her own frontier on the Somali coast, ITALY takes much the same view; while SPAIN suggests that England might as well give up Gibraltar, now that she has ceded one similar European possession. FRANCE strikes a very different note, jealous of British expansion in Africa, and alarmed by the cordiality between England and Germany—which, she declares, has converted the Triple Alliance into a Quadruple Alliance in all but name. The French had been hoping that the two nations would split upon the African rock, and their disputes with England over Newfoundland and Egypt make them even more bitter, and anxious to construe the arrangement into a humiliation for Great Britain. Further, they foresee that, in the event of war, Heligoland, being in German possession, would effectually check a descent of the French fleet on the coast. Accordingly, the Treaty of 1862 between France and England, guaranteeing the independence of Zanzibar, has been evoked to show that France must have a voice in the settlement. M. Deloncle brought forward this argument in the French Chamber; and, though M. Ribot deprecated any discussion till England and Germany had notified France formally of their intentions, M. Brisson returned to the charge on both Monday and Tuesday, and tried to force a debate. The Foreign Minister again pleaded successfully for a postponement, having meanwhile stated at the Cabinet Council that satisfactory communications had been received from the British Government.

Altogether France is far more occupied with foreign than domestic affairs. The Government continue the negotiations on the Egyptian Debt Conversion, and have now announced that they are willing to agree in principle to part of the savings being devoted to the suppression of the Corvée, in the stead of the so-called "French" or Land-Tax. Probably the outcry of the Fellahs against the collection of the latter tax has influenced this decision. The Cabinet has also been in trouble over the introduction of lay-teachers in the stead of nuns at Vicq, a village in the Marne, which produced a riot in the village, and a scene in the Chamber. The Council of Commerce has decided to denounce all existing Treaties of Commerce and arrange short Conventions, while the Committee of Investigation on the Crédit Foncier declares that the institution is perfectly sound, but has somewhat stepped outside its proper province. A general naval mobilisation has been ordered for manœuvres at both southern and northern ports; some of these operations will be witnessed by M. Carnot at La Rochelle.

The cholera outbreak in SPAIN decreases steadily, and so far is limited to its original area round Puebla-de-Rugat. Accordingly, on receiving the report of the Sanitary Commission of Investigation the Government declared only the Province of Valencia to be infected, and have enforced ten days' quarantine for all vessels from Valencian ports. On land, the roads and railways are watched closely, travellers and their luggage are fumigated, and no imports are allowed from the infected area, while, though no sanitary cordon is thought necessary, several lazarets are established ready for suspicious cases. The people in the infected villages are miserably poor, so that the Government has been obliged to send food and medicines to the sufferers. The epidemic has already affected Spanish trade injuriously, and most countries on both sides of the Atlantic compel Spanish vessels to undergo quarantine.

The Joint-Delegations in AUSTRIA-HUNGARY close their Session at the end of the week after very stirring deliberations. Owing to a serious chill, Count Kalnoky was too ill to attend, but the Delegations passed the Foreign Affairs Budget, and approved the Premier's policy without the least demur. Less unanimity prevailed on the Military Budget, for the Hungarian Delegation, alarmed by the War Minister's recent statements, wanted to cut down the Army credits, and passed a resolution against any increase in the peace establishment. After Count Kalnoky's recent public warning to

## THE GRAPHIC

BULGARIA to avoid a policy of adventure, the time seems ill-chosen for Prince Ferdinand's Government to address a peremptory Note to TURKEY. The Note not only reiterates all former arguments to induce the Porte to recognise Prince Ferdinand, but raises the troublesome Macedonian question afresh, demanding more freedom for the Bulgarian Church in that Province. Finally the Porte is warned that this appeal is the last, and if refused will entail serious consequences. However Turkey might be affected by the threat, she has little option in the matter, for directly the Note was presented RUSSIA brought up the old subject of the War-indemnity, pressing for immediate payment as a means of exerting pressure against any concessions to Bulgaria. SERVIA is hardly less indignant at the Note, chiefly on account of the Bulgarian claims in Macedonia, but she has enough to do with her own troubles, now that the Regent, M. Ristic, and ex-King Milan are disposed to combine against the Radical Cabinet.

INDIA is much gratified that Sir F. Roberts will continue Commander-in-Chief for two years longer, as the prolongation of his appointment will give him time to carry out his projected Army reforms and system of frontier defences. Such defences will be aided materially by the new railway-sections opened within the last year, and by a proposed line from Peshawar along the Cabul River, which will be shorter than any route through the Khyber. In BURMA, Sir C. Crosthwaite is in bad health, suffering much from his eye-sight. The Pathan who murdered Mr. Dalgleish in Cashmere has committed suicide in the Russian prison at Samarcand.

The contest over the Silver Bill in the UNITED STATES makes very slow progress. After being amended by the Senate, the measure went back to the House of Representatives, where the Speaker handed it over to a Coinage Committee. This proceeding was denounced as illegal, and a long technical squabble ensued, ending in the Speaker's success, so that the Bill was at once considered by the Committee, and reported to the House. According to the general opinion, a further compromise must be made in order to induce both Congress and the President to sanction the Bill. The Naval Bill has passed, but popular attention has been diverted somewhat from Parliamentary disputes by the terrible tornado which devastated Lee County, Northern Illinois. Beginning with a cloud-burst near Earlville, the storm swept over a large tract of country, wrecking houses and forests, and ruining the crops, while several hundred persons were killed. Schoolhouses suffered especially, being lifted right into the air, while their occupants were blown away a considerable distance.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Anti-Slavery Conference in BELGIUM has finished its work, but at present the result of the long deliberations is rendered futile by HOLLAND. The members have drawn up a General Act dealing with the slave trade in all phases, including the traffic in spirits and arms throughout Africa. Yet Holland refuses to sign the Act, although her commercial interests in Africa are of inconsiderable importance.—BRAZIL has promulgated her new Constitution, which is framed on the model of the United States. The Republic is placed under a President, elected by Congress, for six years, and responsible to the nation alone. Parliament will consist, as hitherto, of two sections, a Senate and a House of Representatives, the Upper House being elected every nine years, and the Lower Chamber triennially. Ministers are to be replaced by Secretaries of State, responsible to the President only, while the election of the first President is fixed for November. In SOUTH AFRICA Lobengula has sent an Embassy to the camp of the British South African Company on the Matabele border to advocate Mashona Land being occupied at once.—British and French fishermen in NEWFOUNDLAND have come to blows at Port-au-Port, on the "French shore," over the choice of positions for catching bait, the Newfoundlanders gaining the day. Much hope is set upon the visit of the Premier to London, but in the meanwhile one of the most important owners of the lobster-factories along St. George's Bay is defying the commands of the British vessel to observe the *modus vivendi*, and is determined to carry on work if he spends his whole fortune in the contest.



THE QUEEN returned to Windsor on Saturday from Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Beatrice with her family, and the children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Prince Henry of Battenberg met the Royal party at the Windsor station, having returned from his yachting cruise. Next morning Her Majesty, with the Prince and Princess, attended Divine Service at the Frogmore Mausoleum, and subsequently drove to the Windsor station to welcome home the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The Royal children accompanied the Queen, while the Prince and Princess of Wales and family joined the party, and Princess Louise came down from town with the Duke and Duchess, who drove back to the Castle with Her Majesty, receiving a hearty welcome from the Windsor townsfolk. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Christian, with her daughters, came to the Castle. On Monday Her Majesty and the Royal party witnessed a march-past of the Windsor garrison and the Eton Volunteers in the Park, and later the Queen gave audience to Lord Salisbury, besides entertaining Count Mensdorff, Prince Nicolsburg, and Lord and Lady Reay at dinner. Next day Prince and Princess Henry came up to town for two days and went to the French Plays. The Queen holds a Council at the end of the week, while yesterday (Friday) the Empress Frederick and her daughters, Princesses Victoria and Margaret, were expected at Windsor for a fortnight's visit, before going to Athens to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Sparta.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday drove over from Sunningdale to Windsor Park to witness the Horse Guards' "Musical Ride," then lunched with the officers at the barracks, and were present at the cricket match between I Zingari and the Windsor Garrison, and a polo contest between the Horse Guards and the 12th Lancers. The annual dinner and picnic at Virginia Water in the evening were somewhat spoiled by the rain. On Sunday the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service at Holy Trinity Church, the Prince subsequently marching at the head of the Horse Guards to the barracks, where the Royal party again lunched with the officers. On Monday they witnessed the review in the Home Park, and afterwards returned to town, the Prince going to the House of Lords in the afternoon to introduce the Duke of Clarence and Avondale to his seat. The Duke of Edinburgh also acted as supporter to his nephew, while the Princess and daughters watched the proceedings from the Gallery. In the evening the Royal party were at the Opera. Next day the Prince and Princess went down by river to the Victoria and Albert Docks, to open the new branch hospital of the Seamen's Hospital Society, inspecting the building, and attending Lady Wooley's garden-party before returning to town. The Princess, on Wednesday inaugurated the Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children, Chelsea; and in the evening the Prince and Princess and daughters attended the second State Concert at Buckingham Palace. On Thursday the Royal party were expected at the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince

would inspect the 11th Hussars at Aldershot, and accompany the Princess to the Duchess of Buccleuch's Ball. On July 24th the Prince will lay the foundation-stone of the new South London Ophthalmic Hospital. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale would visit Scarborough yesterday (Friday), to open the new North Promenade.—The Duchess of Albany is going on very well.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh returned to town on Saturday from spending Ascot week with Prince and Princess Christian. Their three eldest daughters also arrived from Coburg. On Tuesday the Duke made the annual inspection of the Yeomen of the Guard.—Princess Louise was at the Crystal Palace on Saturday to hear *St. Paul*. She opened a bazaar at Sandown Park on Tuesday, in aid of the Essex detachment of the East Surrey Regiment. The Duchess of Albany held a stall at the bazaar, where her little daughter showed her mechanical toys to childish visitors and the youthful Duke gave rides on his elephant.

### BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA

NOT the least important feature in Lord Salisbury's agreement with Germany is the sanction therein given to the acquisition by Britain of South Central Africa—of the region bounded on the east by Lake Nyasa and Portuguese East Africa, on the north by Lake Tanganyika and the Congo Free State, on the west by the Portuguese dominions of Angola, and on the south by the Zambesi. This vast tract of country is emphatically "Livingstone's Land." All the main features of its geography were first laid down by Livingstone (who died within its limits): all its capabilities, its claims, its crimes, its calamities were first made known by Livingstone, and the various missionary and commercial associations which of late years have developed its resources are the direct outcome of Livingstone's appeals to our sentiments and commercial enterprise.

Livingstone's first field of operations was in what is now "British Bechuanaland," but the harassing action of the Boers, who opposed him as they always have opposed all elements of progress, drove him to seek northwards for a free and open land wherein the natives might be brought to listen to his teaching without the interposition of the jealous Dutch.

Working with wonderful persistence, and helped to a remarkable extent by the natives, whose confidence and esteem he had won, he first discovered Lake Ngami (or, as it should, phonetically, be spelt, Nami), and then travelling henceforth, without his wife and children (whom he sent back to safety and health at Kuruman), he reached the Chobe and the Zambesi, thus pretty closely following the new Anglo-German Boundary. The Zambesi, where Livingstone struck it, was a river new to geographical knowledge, for hitherto the course of this fourth-greatest of African rivers was unknown to the Portuguese beyond Zumbo, coming up from the sea, and, indeed, was looked upon by them as a congeries of rivers, and as such was called "Rios de Sena," from Sena, an important town on its lower reaches. Tracing the Zambesi up to its source with the help of his so-called "Makololo" porters,\* Livingstone crossed Portuguese West Africa until he reached the Atlantic Ocean at São Paulo de Loanda, the capital of Angola. On his way he discovered the upper waters of the Kasai and the Kwango, two great southern affluents of the Congo, for some time looked upon as the head-waters of that great river. Thus the first half of Livingstone's first great journey was far more wonderful in itself than the subsequent much-vaunted Expedition of Major Serpa Pinto, who merely crossed from Benguela to the Upper Zambesi, and thence was transported easily and safely in the wagons of some travelling missionaries to Pretoria, whence he attained the Indian Ocean at Durban in a post-cart.

Livingstone, not content with his already remarkable discoveries, resolved to return to the Zambesi from Angola, and trace its course to the Indian Ocean. This he did, accompanied by his Makololo, and discovered the Victoria Falls on the way. He met with no traces of existing Portuguese rule until he reached Tete, on the Zambesi, where the reception accorded him by the Portuguese authorities was as kindly and hospitable as it had been on his journey through Angola, and as it nearly always has been where other and later travellers are concerned, for this justice must be rendered to this gallant little people, that their bark is worse than their bite, and that, however jealous they may be of other nations infringing on their rather vague and vast rights, their natural kindness makes them pleasant to deal with individually, although officially they may be disagreeably punctilious and obstructive in their regulations.

Livingstone left his Makololo behind him at Tete, in the care of the Portuguese Government, and proceeded to England, where he was tolerably well received. That is to say, the heartiness of his welcome and the applause bestowed on him were very nearly commensurate to the greatness of his deeds. Of course, being a Briton, he did not receive at the hands of his Government the decoration he would most certainly have got had he been a foreigner, for, unfortunately, it is not yet our custom to recognise greatness officially in missionaries, actors, explorers, or inventors,† but nevertheless our Foreign Office was so far struck with the value of Livingstone's discoveries as to send him back with ample funds and resources to examine thoroughly the Zambesi and the districts through which it flowed.

The main results of the six years' work (1858–1864) which followed were the discovery and partial survey of Lake Nyasa, the mapping out of the Zambesi delta, the abortive and premature founding of the Universities' Mission (now flourishing on Lake Nyasa and in the Zanzibar dominions, and the leaving behind of the sturdy Makololo on the Upper Shire, to act as a counterpoise to the slave-raiding Ajawa and Angoni, and to organise the timid Mañjan people into a settled community.

Then came a temporary lull—one of those inevitable periods of recoil and depression which attend most great movements. Livingstone had spent a vast deal of money, he had effected little beyond geographical discovery; the climate of the Zambesi Valley had proved unhealthy, and lastly, the American Civil War was drawing to a close, and the consequent dearth of cotton, which was starving our manufactures and impelling us to find new cotton-growing lands, was visibly at an end. Dr. Livingstone was not very gushingly received by the great on his return from his second Zambesi expedition, and it was with some difficulty, and a disheartening tightness of public purse-strings, that he got together just sufficient funds to return to South-Central Africa, and renew his explorations, which were eventually to bring to light the south end of Lake Tanganyika, Lake Bangweolo, Lake Moero, and the upper course of the Congo.

In 1873, on the shores of Lake Bangweolo, almost, as one might say, in the centre of British Central Africa, Livingstone died. The full effect of the news was hardly felt in Great Britain till the succeeding year, when the funeral took place in Westminster Abbey, and as an immediate result, Stanley, through the half-poetic impulse of Mr. (now Sir Edwin) Arnold, was despatched to complete Livingstone's work on the Congo, and so came eventually to found the Congo Free State. The Scotch were deeply moved—moved to the spending of money—and two Scotch missions were founded in 1875 and 1876 to carry out the civilisation and settling of Nyasaland.

\* In reality these men, who were about twenty-seven in number, were recruited from among the Bapote, Batoka, Batshubia, and Ambonda peoples, only two were real Makololo.

† This is regrettable, because some people think the former, at any rate, do as much good as, say, brewers and politicians.

after Livingstone's precept. Already, in the year 1859, Lieutenant Young had made a plucky expedition as far as Mpanda, on the south shores of Nyasa, to obtain news of Livingstone's safety; he now returned, together with Dr. Stewart\* (now of Lovedale College, South Africa,) and carried to Lake Nyasa the little steamer *Hala* (called so after the country where Livingstone died), which still, in spite of storms on that stormiest of lakes, plies to and fro between the British stations on Nyasa.

The two Scotch Missions (Church of Scotland and Free Church) were soon joined in their work by that Universities' Mission which owed its foundation to Livingstone's appeal in 1858, but which had abandoned Nyasaland for a while owing to the havoc made in its ranks by disease and inexperience—the mother of disease. I do not think these three bodies have ever quarrelled—in spite of the *odium theologicum*—because they soon arrived at a very sensible arrangement as to "spheres of influence." The Free Church Mission took the West and North of Lake Nyasa; the "Blantyre," or Established Scotch Church Mission, occupied the Shire Highlands north of the Nyasa; and the Universities' Mission took the East shore of the Lake and the islands therein. Since then they have dwelt together in amity and brotherly love, and in their complete absence of sectarian feeling, and their honest pursuit of a common purpose, set a profitable example to Christians of all sects in Great Britain.

Mission-work in Nyasaland had not long been in full swing before it was found that trade was a necessary result of the work the missionaries were doing, and yet an incongruous occupation for teachers and preachers to indulge in; besides which, the transport question demanded closer and more skilled attention than the missionaries could give: consequently, from out of the womb of the Free Church Mission was born the African Lakes Company, engendered by certain merchants of Glasgow. The brothers Moir (still the local managers) came to Nyasaland from the making of the abortive "Lakes" road,† which had been abandoned, and founded a station near Blantyre (the headquarters of the Church of Scotland Mission), and another called "Karonga," at the north end of Lake Nyasa. One of the first feats of the Lakes Company was the transporting by river, road, and lake the little steamer *Good News*, to Tanganyika, for the London Missionary Society, which had already begun work on Tanganyika, simultaneously with the founding of the Scotch Missions on Nyasa. In a few years' time the work of the Missions and the Lakes Company had so far attracted the attention, and earned the support, of the British Government, that it was sought to make arrangements for preserving them from foreign interference in the projected Congo Treaty with Portugal, but unfortunately the proposed Treaty was not ratified, owing to home and foreign opposition. However, in 1884, the Government sent out Captain Foote as Consul for Nyasa to protect our interests there, and on his death he was succeeded by Lieutenant Hawes. There is at present no Commissioned Consular Officer in the Nyassa District, but Mr. John Buchanan, the pioneer of coffee-planters, and one of the first settlers in Nyasaland, has been Acting-Consul since 1888.

In 1887, the officers of the African Lakes Company came into conflict with the Arabs dwelling north-west of Lake Nyasa. These latter people, some of whom are Swahili (Zanzibar) Arabs, and quite black, while others are Persian-Gulf Arabs, and quite white, had long been viewing with jealousy and apprehension the establishment of the Lakes Company at the north end of Lake Nyasa. This new state of affairs threatened the hitherto supreme Arab dominion over these lands, and proved to be a rallying-point for the much-harassed, slave-raided natives.

Accordingly the Arabs attacked Karonga unexpectedly, and drove out the Scotch. Consuls Hawes and O'Neill, of Mozambique, came to the Lakes Company's assistance, and Karonga was retaken. Then the war dragged on for two years without a definite result. Captain Lugard and other volunteers helped gallantly to keep the Arabs at bay; but he and both the Moirs were severely wounded; and the Arabs, though they suffered great losses, and were very hard pressed, still maintained their position, and stubbornly resisted all attempts to drive them out of their stockades. Our difficulties were largely increased by the institution of the blockade all along the East Coast of Africa, and the consequent prohibition by the Portuguese of the importation of arms and ammunition.

At length the British Government, wishing to protect our interests in that part of Africa, despatched me to Nyasaland to see what I could do to bring the Arabs to terms. I fortunately found these people in a reasonable mood, and a week after my commencement of negotiations a Treaty of Peace was signed. After visiting the whole of the west coast of Lake Nyasa and the south of Lake Tanganyika, I returned to my post at Mozambique, delighted and surprised at what I had seen of the effect of British enterprise in these parts of Central Africa.

And now this most opportune agreement with Germany has come to set a political seal of security on the work achieved in the Lake regions of Central Africa by Livingstone, and those who came after him and drew their inspiration from him.

This is a bare outline of the history of British Central Africa. As to its geography, people, and productions, and my own journeys on its lakes and rivers, and amid its plains and mountains, I shall have something further to say in subsequent numbers of *The Graphic*. H. H. J.

THE RECENT LOSS OF THE "QUETTA" IN TORRES STRAITS will probably lead to a complete survey of the Straits in search of other unknown rocks. The Queensland Government have asked for a British vessel to undertake the work at once.

ANOTHER FISHERY TROUBLE has arisen between Canada and the United States, due to the decrease of the herrings and mackerel along the coasts. The American fishermen use the "purse-seines," and thus destroy quantities of tiny fish, not only cutting off the future supply, but fouling the water by throwing back the dead fry. Thus the "schools" of herring and mackerel are frightened away into deep water.

THE CHOLERA SCARE IN SPAIN has alarmed France very considerably. Most stringent precautions are taken on the Franco-Spanish frontier, which will prove vexatious to the Spanish visitors flocking to the French watering-places at this season. The greatest danger being feared from the railways, sanitary stations are established at Hendaye and Cerbère—which communicate respectively with Northern Spain and Catalonia—with infirmaries and disinfecting apparatus. Every traveller from Spain must undergo medical examination before receiving a pass, while a post-card is sent to the Mayor of each traveller's destination to keep him under surveillance for several days. Similar regulations prevail at the "Ports," or entrances to the passes through the Pyrenees, and in all naval ports. Spanish vessels reaching Marseilles being sent to the quarantine harbour. Further, the Ocean liners from Bordeaux may not touch at Santander. The importation of rags, linen, woollen goods, or vegetables and fruits growing in the ground is forbidden, though "hanging" fruits, such as grapes and oranges, pass for the present. With the fear of cholera before their eyes, the Parisians are even more unwilling than usual to use the Seine water, served out at this season instead of the proper water-supply.

\* Dr. Stewart first visited the Shire and Zambezi with Livingstone in 1862, and afterwards returned to found the Free Church Mission on Lake Nyasa in 1868. He is now in England on a holiday.

† A causeway commenced by Sir William (then Mr.) Mackinnon, starting from Dar-es-Salaam, near Zanzibar.

### ASCOT

OF all the race-meetings in the year, Ascot is the only one which can be termed a Society event. At Sandown and Kempton there are too many meetings for any one to stand out as the meeting of the year; while Goodwood, despite its charming situation, and the excellent racing generally witnessed there, is too far from London to hold quite such an important position in the world of fashion. But Ascot has every advantage. It is easily accessible by half-a-dozen different ways from the metropolis; its meeting takes place when the "season" is still in full flow, and before "flitting" has begun; and the racing, thanks to the liberality of the executive, is always the best of its kind. Last week's meeting was no exception to the rule. The weather might have been a little brighter, it is true, but the occasional showers did not deter the ladies from putting on their brightest and best, as may be seen in Mr. Hopkins's picture. Thursday was, as usual, the Cup Day. Five horses went to the post to compete for the massive trophy which Messrs. Garrard had manufactured for the occasion, and which we engrave below.



THE GOLD CUP

It is a ewer in the Cinque Cento period of ornament, having on its body three figures alternated with rams' head and finely chased ornament. The ebony base upon which it stands is enriched with shields and gold perforated ornamentation. Of the five competitors Vasistas, the winner of the Grand Prix last year, was made favourite, but the winner proved to be Prince Soltykoff's Gold, which scored a very popular victory.

The Queen's Gold Vase, which was run for earlier in the week, consisted of a finely-chased "Monteith" bowl bearing the Royal Arms in *bas relief*, and having two grotesque lion's-head handles. Like the Cup, it was designed by Mr. G. M. Kertland, 100, Crystal



THE GOLD VASE

Palace Road, S.E., and executed by Messrs. Garrard. As we said last week, this race fell to Mr. A. M. Singer's Tyrant, which has had such a remarkable run of success this season. Of the other races at Ascot we may mention the New Stakes, which Mr. J. H. Houldsworth took by the aid of Orvieto; the Rous Memorial Stakes, which St. Serf secured for the Duke of Portland; and the Hardwicke Stakes, in which General Byrne's Amphion made hacks of Sainfoin and Surefoot. For backers it was by no means such a "black Ascot" as has often of late years been the case. Favourites were successful on fifteen out of twenty-eight occasions; and an investment on each favourite of 10/-—or, in deference to the ladies, let us say, ten pairs of gloves—would have left the investor winner of nearly ten times that amount.



"LE PROPHÈTE"—Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*, which had not been given in London since the late Signor Gayarré, Madames Scalchi and Valleria, appeared in it at the Royal Italian Opera some years ago, was performed for the first time in French at Covent Garden on Monday. The work was still largely abbreviated, as, if the whole of the thirty-six numbers it contains were played, *Le Prophète*, including entr'actes, would last from eight o'clock till half-past one in the morning. The chief music now restored was the whole of the fine situation between Jean and Oberthal in the tent scene, and Fides' great aria and her duet with her son in the last act. There is no need now to discuss the dramatic libretto in which Scribe departed so considerably from a true history of the war between the Protestant Princes and the Anabaptists in the sixteenth century; nor the music, which has always been considered as next in importance only to *Les Huguenots* and *Roberto* among Meyerbeer's operatic works. In regard to the performance, it is generally admitted to have been one of the best ever given at Covent Garden. The great arioso in which Fides blesses her son was admirably delivered by Madame Richard, who has frequently sung the part in Paris; the music allotted to Jean de Leyde was sustained by M. Jean de Reszke; the trio of Anabaptists, the chorus of revolting soldiers, and the coronation scene again made their usual impression; while Madame Nuovina made a charming exponent of what was left of the rôle of Bertha, and other parts were entrusted to Messrs. Cobalet, Montariol, Miranda, and Edouard de Reszke. The honours, apart from the magnificent spectacle of the coronation, however, fell to M. Jean de Reszke, who secured triple recall after a splendid delivery of the "Hymne de Triomphe," which forms the finale to the third act.

THE OPERA.—Last week Mozart's *La Nozze di Figaro* was added to this season's repertory at Covent Garden. When it is repeated it would be advisable to restore the part of Cherubino to a soprano, as much of the effect of the music is lost when Madame Scalchi is compelled to transpose the whole of her songs a third lower. On the other hand, opera-goers warmly admired the splendid representation of the part of the Countess by Madame Tavary, the comical Bartolo of M. Isnardon, the charming Susanna of Miss Ella Russell, and the artistic Figaro of Signor F. d'Andrade. The rest of the week has been devoted to repetitions of *Romeo and Juliet*, on Thursday; *Don Giovanni*, Friday; *Lucia*, Saturday; *Les Huguenots*, Tuesday; and *Carmen*, Wednesday.

Mr. Goring Thomas' *Esmeralda*, in French, with MM. J. de Reszke and Lassalle in the chief parts, will be the next production at the Royal Italian Opera; followed by *Carmen* with MM. J. de Reszke and Lassalle and Miss De Lussan, and probably *Fidelio* with Madame Tavary in Titien's old part of the faithful wife.

"ST. PAUL."—It may safely be conjectured that *St. Paul* had never, until it was given at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, been performed upon that which is known as a "Handel Festival" scale. *Elijah* was so treated last year, and with success; but Mendelssohn's great Protestant oratorio lends itself even better to performance by a large army of choristers than almost any other work save the great oratorios of Handel. In the vast space of the Central Transept the solos are necessarily of less importance than the choruses. The Crystal Palace Directors had nevertheless engaged a first-rate cast, which included Madame Albani, who gave a delightful rendering of "Jerusalem" and of the arioso "I will sing of thy great mercies;" Mr. Edward Lloyd, fresh from his American tour, who sang "Be thou faithful unto death" practically as well as it could be sung, Madame Patey, and Mr. Watkin Mills. These artists did their best, but it was in the performance by the 2,500 adult choristers who, in certain of the chorales and in the two finales, were reinforced by a special choir of 500 boys, that the attention of the audience was chiefly centred. The chorales went exceptionally well, "Sleepers wake," in which the boys' voices were heard high above those of the females, making indeed a great sensation. This was equally the case with such noble choruses as "He hath said, and our ears have heard him," the magnificent "Stone him to death" which, from so large a choir, came out with almost the force of a thunderclap, "Rise up, arise," and the fine chorus, "Great is the depth of the riches of wisdom" which closes the first part. In this and in other choral portions, it was observed that Mr. Manns was taking the *tempo* far slower than usual. The popular conductor acted designedly, and from prudential reasons, it being considered unsafe in a work not thoroughly familiar to them to direct the choir too rapidly through the fugal passages. In the second part the more placid choruses made an equally favourable impression. A beautiful delivery of "How lovely are the messengers" elicited general applause. Equally fine was the singing of the chorus, "Is this he?" in which the multitude denounce Paul and Barnabas, and the two choruses of Gentiles in the scene at Lystra, while in striking contrast was the singing of the great fugue, "But our God abideth," the chorale (Luther's edition of the Creed, employed by Mendelssohn as a *canto fermo*) being entrusted to the boys. It should be added that this gigantic choir of 2,500 voices was derived exclusively from the Metropolis, save as to 400 singers who came specially from Bristol. The attendance numbered nearly 23,000, and at the end of an almost unprecedented performance audience and chorus joined in an enthusiastic ovation to Mr. Manns.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—To the numerous concerts of the past week we are able to devote only comparatively little space. We may, however, mention that on Saturday Señor Sarasate gave his final orchestral concert, the chief item of the programme being Dr. Mackenzie's *Pibroch*.—At Miss Maud V. White's concert several of that lady's compositions were announced.—At the Richter concert, on Monday, a capital programme included the song of the Rhine daughters from the third act of the *Götterdämmerung*, the love duet from the first act of *Die Walküre*, sung by Miss Anna Williams and Mr. Lloyd, the "Prie-dieu" from the *Meistersinger*, also sung by Mr. Lloyd, Liszt's *Dante* symphony, and other works.—M. Zeldnerust, a young German pianist, gave a recital on Monday, at which Miss Daisy Defries made a successful *début* as a vocalist. Among the large number of pianoforte-recital givers have also been Madame Haas, Señor Albeniz, Mr. Schönberger, Madame Sophie Menter, Mr. Sapellnikoff, and Herr Ernst Denhoff. In all, this week, quite fifty concerts were announced.

NOTES AND NEWS.—M. Rubinstein has just finished a new opera, which will be produced at St. Petersburg in the winter. It is entitled *Les Maîtres-heureux*, and it is based upon the love misadventures of a Russian Prince of the twelfth century.—Herr Scharwenka, the well-known pianist, is likewise engaged upon an opera, entitled *Masawintza*, its hero being a King of the Goths.—Madame Patey will sail on August 7th on a tour in Australia, during which she will give a minimum of forty concerts.—The sudden death, at the age of sixty-four, is announced in Paris of M. Théodore de Laître, the well-known composer of light music, and librarian at the Opéra.—The charming concert soprano, Mrs. Osgood, who a few years ago returned to her native America, married there, and retired, is now upon a brief visit to London.

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## THE LONGFORD CASTLE PICTURES.

IT is always with some degree of trepidation that the Treasury is asked to make special grant for the purchase of pictures for our National Collection; but it is certain that there can have been no fear in the case of "asking for more" for the three magnificent works of which we give engravings this week. These are three gems of the renowned Longford Castle Collection, the property of the Earl of Radnor.

Perhaps, in the history of Art, there is nothing more perplexing than to find a great work of a great master without the possibility of fixing the subject; and this is particularly the case in the Holbein. We have here two full-length portraits of men standing at a sort of two-shelved table, covered with a carpet, on which are a variety of sundials, a celestial globe, and other scientific implements. On the lower are a terrestrial globe, musical instruments, and music-book open, with some German words. The figure on the left of the spectator is splendidly dressed in a pink satin doublet and black jacket, over which is a surcoat lined with ermine; around his neck is a chain, from which depends a large medallion, with the badge of the Archangel Michael. On his head is a black cap; at his side, lightly held in one hand, is a gold dagger, on which is his age—"ET SVÆ 29."

The figure on the right wears a doctor's cap, and a brown-green-figured long robe; his right hand holds a glove, and rests on the upper shelf of the table; under his elbow is a book, on which his age is marked—"Aetatis suae 25." Below the lower edge of the ermine-lined surcoat of the



"THE AMBASSADORS"  
By Holbein

first figure is one of Holbein's rare signatures and dates:  
"Joannes Holbein, Pinxit 1533."

The background is a green damask curtain—the floor is paved in pattern with marbles—and in the centre is seen a

curious figure, which for a long time puzzled the cognoscenti. In 1873, however, when the picture was exhibited at the Old Masters in Burlington House, this was found to be a human skull, drawn in such perspective as to deprive it of its appearance, unless the eye be directed at a very obtuse angle, and from a point considerably lower than the bottom of the picture. The meaning of the attribute is unknown, nor has any one hazarded a suggestion as to its interpretation. The picture is painted on boards, 6 ft. 9 in. high by 6 ft. 10 in. wide, and has been engraved by J. Pierron, and published in the Le Brun Gallery.

Various names have been given to these personages, Sir T. Wyatt having been for a long time generally accepted for the figure aged twenty-nine, but there is no good ground for the acceptance. Of the quality of the picture, there is little or nothing to be said—it is Holbein's largest work, and that in which he has displayed the greatest labour; and the execution is simply perfect. There is some little frieze varnish on the picture, which with care could be removed to its advantage. There is a grand dignity about the figure, which is most imposing. There is a supposed allusion to the picture in a small quarto, by Leland the poet (*obit 1541*).

Of the Morone, which in the former unknowing days was attributed to Titian, there is but little to say—but it is not the language of exaggeration to declare it of the finest possible

quality, in the most perfect possible state, and bearing the mark of the hand of the great master in every line. Technically the artist has succeeded in even indicating, although in black, the difference in quality of material between the hose, trunks, and jacket. The person represented is not known.

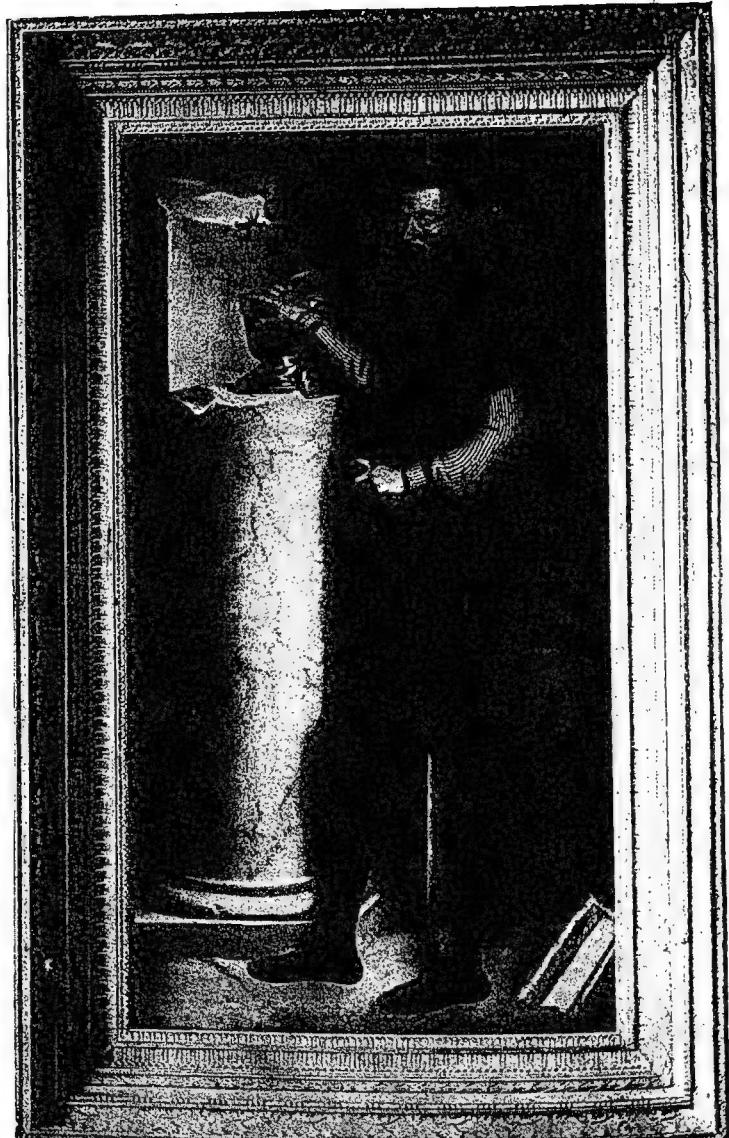
Of the Velasquez there is scarcely any language in its praise which could be superlative enough. It is, the *Times* has observed, the finest Velasquez out of Spain, and were it there, it would be one of the finest in that country. The extraordinary vigour and force of this figure, standing as it does with no adventitious aids to give it effect, not even a definite background, must strike every beholder. It is the portrait of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, a native of Madrid, Knight of the Order of Santiago, Captain General of the Armada, and of the Fleet of Nueva España. Palo Mino describes it as one of the most celebrated works of the artist, and says that it was executed with brushes of unusual length, which Velasquez used that he might paint at a distance, and so with greater force.

Certainly he succeeded, as the following story alone would prove. The portrait was painted in 1639, and shortly after it was finished Don Adrian was ordered away on some expedition. The King (Philip IV.) coming one day to pay his customary visit to the painter's studio, mistook the portrait for the Admiral himself, and reproached him for remaining in Madrid,

when he had been ordered away. Discovering his mistake, he turned to Velasquez and said: "I assure you I was deceived."—Our engravings are from photographs kindly lent us by Mr. Lindo Myers, 6, Savile Row, W.



"THE PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL ADRIAN PULIDO PAREJA"  
By Velasquez



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN IN BLACK"  
By Mantegna



ARREST OF A HALF-BREED WHISKEY SMUGGLER BY CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

## SPEAKING POTTERY

AN interesting and important characteristic of the pot-house pottery of a hundred and fifty years ago was the literature which adorned it. In the taverns and alehouses of the eighteenth century it was the custom to decorate the mugs and beer-jugs with inscriptions more or less suitable to the time and place. It is to be regretted that the custom, though not entirely obsolete, has almost disappeared. The literature which we find printed upon our earthenware to-day is scanty in the extreme. "A Present from Ramsgate," or "A Trifle from Clacton-on-Sea," is sorry compensation for the pithy and condensed little sermons with which every toaster a hundred and fifty years ago regularised his half-pint.

The sentences and inscriptions which have been preserved are of varied character. Many are mere convivial invitations to drink, some are simply expressions of loyalty; others, however, contain in the guise of a proverb or proverbial saying, much good advice, and no little wisdom. Indeed, at a period of general coarseness both of speech and living, at a time when the district of the Potteries was still enveloped in the vapours of barbarism, it is surprising how well these inscriptions bear the strong light of a hypersensitive civilisation. Indeed, the inscriptions themselves are more meritorious than the jugs and cups on which they are found.

Some of these jugs, however, displayed considerable skill and ingenuity in their manufacture, and under the name of Puzzle-Jugs were to be found in most of the village inns in the last century. Perforated necks and a multiplicity of spouts were the characteristics of these tantalising vessels. The man who applied his lips to any of the spouts except the right one received the contents of the jug all down his neck. The secret consisted in sucking the liquor up through one particular spout, and in closing with the fingers the remaining spouts, and, most important of all, a small hole concealed under the handle. The inscriptions on this class of jug were, not unnaturally, derisive allusions to the difficulty of abstracting the liquor. The following verse is taken from one of these jugs —

From Mother Earth I claim my birth,  
I'm made a joke for man;  
But now I'm here, filled with good cheer  
Come taste me, if you can.

And on another we find the following :—

Here, gentlemen, come try your skill,  
I'll hold a wager, if you will,  
That you don't drink this liquor all,  
Without you spill or let some fall.

Again—

If this be the first that you have seen,  
I'll lay the weaver which you please to pay,  
That you don't drink the liquor all,  
Without you spill or let some fall.

And—

Within this can there is good liquor,  
'Tis fit for Parson or for Vicar;  
But how to drink and not to spill,  
Will try the utmost of your skill.

Upon a stoneware flask, dated 1761, it may be seen that —

Wm. and Ann  
Thinks it no sin  
To drink a glass  
Of British gin.

There are many Williams and Mary Anns of later date than 1761 who might not reasonably be said to hold the same opinion. It seems that gin was then, as now, the favourite tipple of the fair sex. Upon a cream-coloured mug which the writer saw in a shop window was a printed picture of an old-fashioned alehouse in the country. The publican, with outstretched arms, was welcoming the door an old pair, who seemed to be, in the euphemous language of the present day, "three parts on." The inscription on the mug was friendly in tone, but indelible from a moral standpoint —

Come, come, my old friend, and take to the pot  
For life without liquor is bad;  
Never mind the old lass, she'll drink, by the Mass,  
Gin enough to make a man mad.

There is an old jug in the British Museum which is inscribed in the scrawling hand of the workman —

Come fill me full  
With liquor sweet,  
For that is good  
When men do meet,  
But pray take care  
Don't let me full, least  
You lose your liquor,  
Jugg, and all.

In the same Museum is a set of plates each bearing the date 1742, and an inscription which, when read all together, shows that the author was a close observer of human nature. The inscription on the first plate was —

What is a merry man?

Let him do what he can

To entertain his guests

With wine and merry jests.

But if his wife do frown,

All merriment goes down.

On a bowl in the same cabinet is the inscription, "Drink faire, don't swear, 1728."

But from these tokens of, let us not say, misguided merriment and conviviality, it is easy to turn to inscriptions of another character, embodying good advice and friendly feeling. Upon a plate, now unhappily destroyed by fire, was inscribed —

Earth I am—it is most true,  
Desdain me not, for so are you.

January 16, 1665. GEORG. AND ELIZABETH STEERE.

On a jug in the writer's possession are the words :—

When this you see  
Remember me.  
Though many miles  
We distant be. 1789

And other specimens may be quoted :—

A little health, a little wealth,  
A little house, and freedom,  
And at the end, a little friend,  
And little cause to need him.

Have communion with few,  
Be familiar with one,  
Deal justly with all,  
Speak evil of none.

The life which was moulded upon such verses as these could hardly be otherwise than useful and happy.

As may be supposed, a number of inscriptions relate to some political event of the day, or to the establishment of some trade, or erection of some public work. These are of great historical importance, for though they do not perpetuate any of these events, or preserve to history what would otherwise be lost, yet they throw a side light upon those bygone days, and show us how the common people looked upon the topics of their day, and how they idolised or obsecrated any particular politician, general, admiral, or other great man. The hated name of Cardinal Bellarmine is

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still preserved in the old brown stone-ware jugs which bear his name.

Later still, in 1742, we find many references on the pottery of the period to the taking of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon, who for a time was the most popular man in the country. The enthusiasm of England for Frederic the Great, who was then holding at bay the united armies of Europe, found expression upon the pottery of the period. The cocked-hat and pigtail of the King of Prussia were familiar in every tap-room, and the face of the Conqueror of Leuthen was more familiar to the Englishmen of that day than the features of his own Sovereign, His Majesty King George II.

In the early days of George III the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty" was as potent a spell to conjure with as the name of Mr. Gladstone is in our own times, and scores of mugs and plates testify to-day to the popularity of one of the most agreeable and licentious characters which the eighteenth century produced.

In our own time we have Beaconsfield jugs and Gladstone mugs in abundance. It is to be hoped that a custom so simple, and so important in its results, is reviving, and that our children's children may be as familiar with the faces of the statesmen of to-day as we are with the ugly lineaments of the editor of the *North Briton*.

T. T. G.



"THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF. a Romance," by Stanley J. Weyman (1 vol. Longmans and Co.), is the expansion of an anecdote quoted by the author from De Thou—of how Vezins, the lieutenant of Marshal Villars, saved a hated enemy from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew because he was his enemy, and because he hated him, and therefore scorned to owe vengeance to accident. The anecdote is a really fine one, as quoted, and it gives obvious opportunities for a romance of incident, in the manner of Dumas the Elder, of which Stanley J. Weyman has taken adequate advantage. He has caught, and has been able to reproduce, no little of the spirit of a period of extremes, when fanaticism could be as coldly calculating in its methods as professional diplomacy, and when men seemed to contend with the sword of a French gentleman in one hand and with the poisoned dagger of an Italian assassin in the other. The story of St. Bartholomew has of course been told over and over again, but we cannot call to mind its ever having been told better—that is to say, from the point of view taken—which is simply and frankly the picturesque and adventurous one. Exciting incidents, kept closely together by the thread of an excellent plot, follow one another so fast as scarcely to allow breathing-time: and the three young brothers, of whom the eldest tells the story, might almost have stepped straight from the pages of that great master of historical romance of whom we have spoken, and in whose now almost deserted school the author of "The House of the Wolf" appears to be capable of taking very high honours.

Major G. F. White compares the progress of a novel to the course of a great river, into whose main channel flow various "small tributaries; some clear and bright—happy inspirations: others dull and dirty—portions of his work that fail to satisfy the author." We fear that he must have experienced a great deal of dissatisfaction with his tributaries in the course of his own "Lucinda" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), seeing how many of them fulfil the conditions which he disapproves. We should be disposed to compare "Lucinda" less to a great river than to a canal, on which the voyager may count upon having his eyes chronically wearied and his ears frequently offended. There is a difference however—a canal has the merits of construction and purpose, qualities conspicuously absent from "Lucinda." The first volume deals mainly with the humours—or what Major White takes for such—of the establishment of a Woolwich crammer, whence some of the characters wander through the Indian Mutiny in a more uninteresting manner than we should have thought possible; and a climax is reached in a case of exhumation which is certainly slightly interesting inasmuch as, although it was entirely unauthorised, none of the parties appear to have incurred the inevitable penalties. A very much more simple form of *dénouement* would have sufficed for untangling a knot which was not worth the tying. We have taken some pains in trying to fix upon the circle of readers to which "Lucinda" appeals for popularity, which of course may exist, despite our inability to define it.

"An Early Frost" and "An Awkward Affair," by Charles T. C. James, two stories bound together in a shilling volume (Ward and Downey), are of little importance. The first tells of an irritatingly innocent young person, horsey in taste, and skittish in manner, who loves and is loved by a faint-hearted young poet, but who is tricked into a sort of engagement with a middle-aged money-lender, and escapes from her dilemma by riding at an impossible fence and getting killed. The second is the story of how a young man fell in love with a charming woman, thinking her single, whereas she was really the separated wife of his dearest friend who, for his part, falls in love with another young woman who would have very willingly married either of the two. The reader cannot be advised to go to the story to learn the extrication of the parties to this complicated dilemma: because the author has professed to leave them there—which is a little cruel, especially as there is neither reason nor likelihood in the situation, unless it were a disguised argument in favour of freedom of divorce, and the connection of either tale with any sort of purpose is difficult to imagine.

Frank Harkut earnestly requests the reader of "The Conspirator a Romance of Real Life, by Count Paul P—" (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), not to skip his preface. We endorse the request, because the preface is decidedly the most interesting and exciting portion of the work. Indeed, if its promise of good things in store were but half fulfilled, we should have a story "which challenges comparison with anything that has yet been invented by the most fertile brain." After this challenge to Poe, Hoffmann, and the Arabian Nights, the adventures of some preternaturally amiable Nihilists, tamely told, inevitably fall flat. It is much better to close the book with the preface, so as not to lose the charm of expectation. It has not even the merit of reading as if it were true.

"Charles Franklyn of the Camel Corps," by "Hasmib" (1 vol.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is a mild little story, very mildly told, of the usual young officer who got lost, as usual, in the Soudan. His note of difference from the other two or three hundred who, in the world of romance, have found themselves in similar predicaments, is a sort of parenthetic marriage with a nun, who, however, was considerate enough to get killed in time to save complications with the particularly uninteresting young woman who had been waiting for him at home. The author appears to have personal knowledge of the scenes and incidents he describes, but he has by no means made the most of his advantages, and he has as much literary business to speak patronisingly of "poor" Whyte-Melville and "poor" Lindsay Gordon as he would have to talk of "poor" Shakespeare or "poor" Dante.

"A Scarlet Sin" (2 vols.: Spencer Blackett) is the rather alarming title of Florence Marryat's latest novel but one; for scarcely had we finished reading it when another came before us from the same prolific pen. Perhaps over-productiveness has something

to do with the fact that "A Scarlet Sin" is rather more commonplace than Florence Marryat's novels in general, about which, as a rule, there is something original and characteristic. The heroine, however, is wicked enough to please the most *bâs* connoisseur.

## ON BALDNESS

SOME men are envied for that which they have, others for that which they have not. The aspiring young doctor envies the fashionable and prosperous physician not so much for his position or his fame, as for the plentiful lack of hair, the polished cranium, and high domed forehead, which inspire such confidence in the hearts of patients of all kinds and degree. Baldness is the hallmark of the successful and fashionable physician, and, consequently, a too luxuriant crop of hair is the despair of the budding Galen. The physician does not speak of baldness, he calls it *alopecia*. From an etymological point of view, the more familiar word is to be preferred. Alopecia means, literally, fox mange, and in some of our older writers the word is *tund* bearing that signification. The medical use of the term is of secondary origin.

Baldness is said to be much more common now than it used to be, and various causes have been assigned for its increase. It is somewhat singular, and perhaps significant, that the time of its greatest prevalence should be also the time when hair restorers of all kinds do most abound. It is to be supposed that these much-vaunted specifics find purchasers, and yet the only result is, that baldness is increasing. Perhaps it would not be wise to inquire too curiously into the composition of some of these nostrums, but the prescriptions for like remedies of earlier days were often far from agreeable. In one of those old "Treasures of Health" which our forefathers were fond of compiling and of studying, we are told that if the head of a "great Ratte" be burnt and mixed with various disagreeable substances, and the bald head be anointed therewith, "it healeth the disease called Allopecia." Truly the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.

He who is bald need not repine; he is one of a goodly company. If the evidence of his busts may be trusted, Socrates was bald, and so was his foe, Aristophanes; and, according to tradition, Eschylus was killed by an eagle dropping a tortoise from a great height to break the shell on his shining crown, which the bird mistook for a stone. Julius Caesar was bald, whereof, says Caxton in his "Game of the Chesse," "he had desplayis so grete that he kempt (combed) his heireis that laye on the after parte of his heed forward for to hyde the bare to fore."

One of the early French kings was known distinctively as Charles the Bald. The best busts and portraits of Shakespeare represent him as bald, and the scantiness of his auburn locks perhaps afforded his enemies an opening for satirical attack. His friend Dekker, in the play called *Satremastix*, which was written as a reply, or retort courteous, to the attacks of Ben Jonson and others on Shakespeare, puts into the mouth of Horace (Jonson) a song in praise of "heades thicke of hair," and then answers it with another in honour of the "balde heads." In fiction, scantiness of hair has been associated with good humour and mildness of temper from the days of Chaucer's Monk:

His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,  
And eke his face as it had ben anoint —

to those of Mr. Pickwick, whose bald head, within which his gigantic brain was working, and circular spectacles, behind which his beaming eyes were twinkling, are immortalised in the first number of the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club."

A hundred years ago no object was more familiar to the inhabitants of Westminster than the bare crown of Sam House, publican and politician. At the famous election of 1784. House was a very active and enthusiastic supporter of Charles James Fox, the popular Whig candidate. His zeal was so great that, while the election lasted—a space of several days—he kept open house at his own expense. "Honest Sam House," as he was called, was a curious and striking figure. His head was perfectly bald, and "shone as any glass," and was never protected, either by wig or hat of any kind. He was always uniformly dressed in nankeen jacket and breeches, and in all weathers his waistcoat was invariably open to exhibit an ample display of linen, which was always of immaculate purity. As a final touch of oddity he usually left his legs bare, but, whenever they chanced to be clothed, it was in the finest of silk stockings. The figure of this hero is prominent in many contemporary caricatures.

Old Father Time is usually represented as an old man entirely bald, but for the single lock of hair on the forehead, whence the saying, "To take Time by the forelock." Shakespeare, in *King John*, speaks of "that bald sexton, Time;" and, in the *Comedy of Errors*, one of the two Dromios proves one of his quibbling points "by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself." The Mussulman, who devoutly shaves his head, leaves a single tuft, that, when he comes to die, Mahomet may thereby draw his faithful follower to Paradise.

In ancient times it was customary to shave the head as a sign of mourning and lamentation. Allusions to this practice are plentiful in the books of the Hebrew prophets; and, when Job's misfortunes came upon him, we are told that he arose and rent his mantle and shaved his head. The sorrow and the woe were keenly felt when they were by this self-degradation symbolised to the world at large, for baldness was considered a reproach, and deserving of contempt, as may be seen by the story of Elisha and the children, and by many passages in the prophetic books of the Old Testament.

Traces of this feeling of shame in the absence of the natural covering of the head are found existing in comparatively recent times. In Germany, in the sixteenth century, it was customary to cut off the hair of a convicted adulteress, and the practice was imitated in England.

Thomas Nashe, in a comedy published in 1600, classes baldness with sloth, folly, drunkenness, gluttony, and other crimes and misdemeanours. Men go bald now as of old, and no one reproaches them, but no lady advocate of the complete equality of the sexes, no upholder of "women's rights," is likely to be found willing to carry rivalry of man and equality of habit so far as to face the world with a head devoid of hair.

Mr. Mapleson, in his "Memoirs," has an amusing story of two bald conductors. During the Drury Lane Opera season of 1859 the baton was wielded alternately by Signor Arditi and Sir Julius Benedict. Naturally enough neither *maestro* liked to be mistaken for the other. On one occasion, when a special performance was given in which both conductors were to take part, Benedict was observed to go into the *prima donna's* dressing-room, and with a brush to make strenuous efforts to arrange his hair so as to cover as much as possible of his bare poll.

"What are you about?" said Mapleson.

"Nothing particular," he replied, "only I don't want to be mistaken for Arditi."

A few minutes later in came Arditi, who at once proceeded to brush his hair vigorously, so as to leave visible as much of his bald crown as he could. He too was questioned, and replied, "I don't want to be mistaken for Benedict."

G. L. A.

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## THE GRAPHIC



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT is a great favourite of the English public—even a greater favourite than she is with Parisian playgoers. She was certain therefore of a large, a distinguished, and a friendly audience when, after her late serious indisposition, she made her first appearance in London this season at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre on Monday evening. The play in which she appeared—M. Jules Barbier's *Jeanne d'Arc*, as lately put on the stage in Paris on her account—was not judiciously chosen; and, if the truth must be told, the performance, which dragged on till ten minutes after midnight, visibly bored the spectators. M. Barbier's Alexandrines are unhappily of that quality which, in spite of the Roman poet's dictum, "God's men and booksellers" do too often permit. Besides this, there is a great deal too much of them in association with a great deal too little of real dramatic movement. We say "real" dramatic movement, because of stir, and bustle, and pageantry there is even a superabundance, though, curiously enough, the martial and heroic phases of the story of the Maid of Orléans are kept almost entirely in the background. She is seen in a semi-military costume, brandishing now and then an enormous sword, and the tents of the beleaguered host along the banks of the Loire are discerned from the ramparts of Orléans; but, in this play, Joan's inspiriting influences are mainly confined to the delivery of speeches which seem to be intended rather to direct attention to the details of the succession of historical *tableaux* than to form an integral part of the action of what can only by courtesy be called a play. Still there is much that is beautiful, much that is touching, and even much that arouses enthusiasm in Madame Sarah Bernhardt's performance, albeit she was still visibly suffering from lack of physical power. This latter fact was particularly observable in the last *tableau*, in which she appears for little purpose beyond that of exhibiting her bound to the stake in the market-place at Rouen, while the fire is actually kindled, and the smoke ascends in what must be rather disagreeable proximity. Madame Bernhardt's associates, who substantially represent the cast of the Porte St. Martin, have, under these circumstances, little opportunity of distinguishing themselves. As a succession of historical scenes, enriched with the beautiful music of Gounod, *Jeanne d'Arc* has some claims to attention; and it will not fail to be noted by "parents and guardians"—as the scholastic advertisements say—that it affords an opportunity of seeing the greatest of living actresses under conditions to which the severest of censors can take no valid objection on the ground of propriety, whatever they may think of the late hours which—*matinées* of course excepted—seem to have become an inseparable concomitant of French performances in London.

The sad news has been received of the accidental death of Karl Weiser, a member of the Meiningen Court Company, who played with this famous troupe in London eight years ago. Herr Weiser was drowned while bathing in the sea at Odessa.

The Marlowe Memorial Fund performances will take place at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre on Friday afternoon next.

The tour of the HAYMARKET company will commence at Brighton on the 4th of August.

At a suburban theatre in Berlin, old Krantz, the late Prussian executioner, has actually been engaged to play the part of a headsman in a sensational drama. So great is the passion for realism among the Berlin "east-enders" that it is stated that Krantz uplits on the stage the identical axe with which he has beheaded numerous criminals.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, whose professional tours throw the peregrinations of Ulysses into the shade, will be packing up his costumes and "properties" at Sacramento, California, early next month, and preparing, with his company, to set sail for England. His new theatre, on the site of the old Olympic, in Wych Street, however, will not be ready till the autumn. The intervening time will be devoted by Mr. Barrett in great part to a round of provincial engagements, ending at his own great theatre in Leeds.

The announcement of *Vera*, "a play dealing with modern Russian Society," which Madame De Nauzaze, a new comer among us, is to produce at a *matinée* at the GLOBE on Tuesday next, has recalled to mind the fact that Mr. Oscar Wilde some eight years ago proposed to produce a play entitled *Vera*, which was, in like manner, described as "dealing with modern Russian Society." The intention was abandoned; but the coincidence has naturally suggested that the name "M. Ellis-Smith," which is affixed to the forthcoming piece, may possibly be a mere *nom de guerre*.

The Syndicate which was formed to manage the PRINCESS'S Theatre does not appear to have profited greatly by the speculation. It is officially announced that the theatre has reverted to Mrs. Ha'riett Gooch.

The extensive programme of performances organised for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund will be given on the afternoon of the 17th of July at the LYCEUM, the use of which house has been given for the occasion by Mr. Daly.

Mr. George Alexander will remove from the AVENUE to the ST. JAMES'S in January next, when Mrs. Langtry's term in the latter house will expire.

A young lady, whose name, "Claire Ivanowa," bespeaks her Russian nationality, is to appear on Tuesday afternoon next, at the STRAND, as Bianca, the hero of Dean Milman's once famous tragedy *Fazio*.



PENDING THE TRIAL OF THE DIVORCE-SUIT, O'Shea v. O'Shea and Parnell, Mrs. O'Shea has instituted an action in the Irish Courts to have the trusts of her marriage settlement carried out, and a declaration made that she is entitled to the income of the estates put in settlement.

SOME REMARKS BY THE MARYLEBONE POLICE-MAGISTRATE deserve the attention of persons annoyed by the clamorous appeals for custom which a certain class of competitive tradesmen address to passers-by. A deputation of residents in Hyde Park Mansions complained to him of the shouting, with that object, of two fruiters in their vicinity most of the day and late into the night, the nuisance being specially objectionable on Sundays. Mr. Cooke informed the deputation that if a private person was annoyed by a nuisance of this sort he could stop it by an action in the County Court, and if it was experienced by residents generally, the persons offending could be indicted at the Sessions. There was a well-

known case in which it was held that a man who played a bugle in a room to the annoyance of his neighbours could be indicted.

IT IS PUNISHABLE to use cruelty to an animal during what might otherwise be a legitimate attempt to kill it. At Little Walsingham in Norfolk—the owner of a pig, which he wished to slaughter, hacked it so unskillfully and unmercifully with a carpenter's axe that it lingered on for two days before receiving its *coup de grace*. The owner was convicted by the local magistrates under the Cruelty to Animals Act, and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment, a case, however, being stated, to raise the question whether there had been cruelty in the legal sense of the word. Before the Queen's Bench Division the counsel for the owner of the pig argued that he had not been guilty of wanton cruelty because he intended that the animal should be killed. Without hearing the counsel for the prosecution, the Court upheld the decision of the magistrates, and dismissed the appeal with costs.

THE HEREFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL has been defeated in an attempt to rid itself of the liability to pay the pension of the chaplain of a lunatic asylum, which was granted him by the local authorities before County Councils were established. The chaplain had been non-resident, and it was contended on behalf of the County Council, among other arguments, that, therefore, although he was an officer *in* the asylum, he was not an officer *of* the asylum, as required by the Act. Lord Coleridge said that it was impossible to recognise as valid the distinction attempted to be drawn between an officer *of* and an officer *in*. It appeared to be an attempt to get out of the Act of Parliament on small and untenable grounds, and the Court being in favour of the payment of the pension, opposition to it on the part of the Council was withdrawn.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

EXCEPTIONAL interest may be felt in Mr. Alexander Bathgate's "Far South Fancies" (Griffith, Farran, and Co.). The author is a New Zealand Colonist, who emigrated from Scotland in his boyhood, yet his poems may be taken as the expression of one who has learned to think as a New Zealander born, of the same political leanings, would think. Mr. Douglas Sladen, who edits the volume, calls especial attention to the following fresh genuine bit of landscape-painting taken from a poem entitled "Our Hermitage":—

A perfect, peaceful stillness reigns,  
Not e'en a passing breeze  
The sword-shaped flax-blades gently stir;  
The vale, and slopes of rising hills  
Are thickly clothed with yellow grass,  
Whereon the sun, late risen, throws  
His rays to linger restlessly.  
Naught the expanse of yellow breaks,  
Save where a darker spot denotes  
Some straggling bush of thorny scrub,  
While from a gully down the glen  
The foliage of the dull-leaved trees  
Rises to view; and the calm air,  
From stillness for a moment waked  
By parakeets' harsh chattering,  
Swift followed by a tui's trill  
Of bell-like notes, is hushed again.

There is plainly local subject-matter for poetry in New Zealand, as the editor points out, with her paradise of scenery, her colonists' deeds of valour in a peculiarly dangerous war, and her native race, at once the most picturesque and the most masterful which ever confronted the Union Jack.

## MESSRS. JAY'S ANNUAL SALE OF MODELS &amp; ACCUMULATED STOCK

Will commence on MONDAY NEXT, JUNE 30th, And ladies will find this an opportunity for securing goods of the highest quality on peculiarly favourable terms.

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## MOURNING ORDERS IN THE COUNTRY.

Messrs. Jay's experienced Assistants and Dressmakers travel to any part of the Kingdom, free of expense to purchasers. They take with them Dresses, Muffins, and Millinery, besides patterns of materials, all ready in Plain Figures, and at the same price as if purchased in the warehouse. Reasonable estimates are given for Household Mourning.

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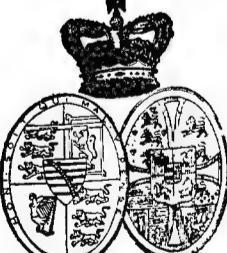
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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

and other

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL

FAMILY.



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seem to grow every year more tasteful and more artistic, and it is a certain fact that the fur garments of the present day are cut with a precision and accuracy, and fitted with an artistic skill, which were totally unknown some ten or fifteen years ago. THIS IS ESPECIALLY THE CASE AT THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE, 163 AND 198, REGENT STREET, where the latest novelties in fur garments of the best quality and smartest design may always be found."—Extract.

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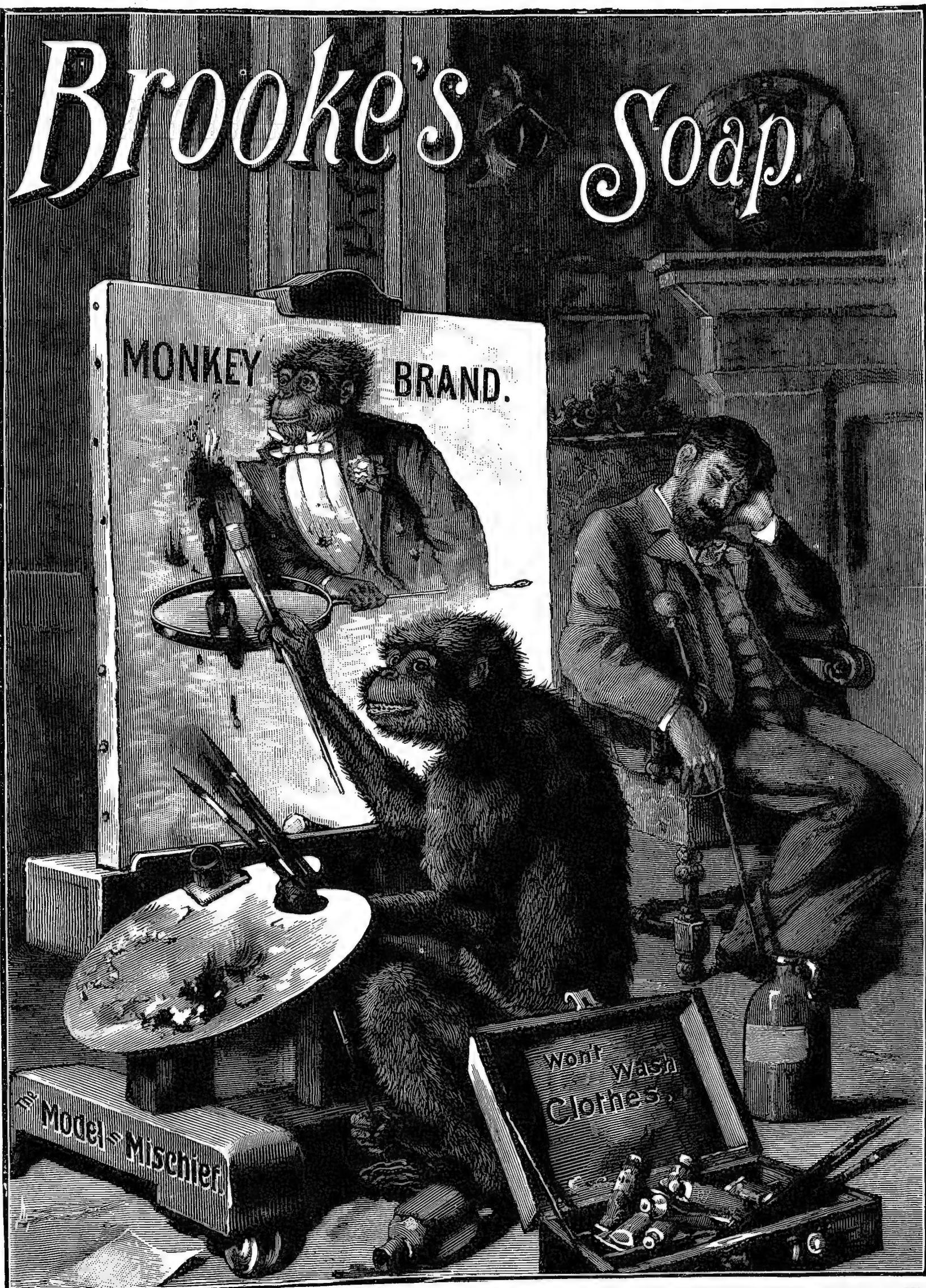
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# BROOKE'S SOAP.

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MAKES TIN LIKE SILVER, COPPER LIKE GOLD,  
PAINT LIKE NEW, WINDOWS LIKE CRYSTAL,  
BRASS WARE LIKE MIRRORS, SPOTLESS EARTHEN-  
WARE, CROCKERY LIKE MARBLE, MARBLE WHITE.  
FOR IVORY HANDLES, FOR RUBBER GOODS, FOR  
PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, FOR SOILED HANDS,  
FOR A THOUSAND USES.

## AN HOUR IN HELIGOLAND

SOMEBO'DY has said, though with an obvious overstraining of facts, that Heligoland is melting away as fast as a lump of sugar-candy in a cup of hot coffee. This comparison, besides its defect of undeniable exaggeration, may seem to border upon the unduly flippant just now, when the islet has gained at least several square yards in importance from the prospect that it may serve to sweeten the German's draught of concession to British interests in Africa. At any rate, we can certify that it was still flicking the grey-green surface of the North Sea one afternoon in last July, since the Hamburg steamer then landed us thereupon, with exactly an hour to spare before the departure of the boat which should convey us to Norderney, that "home of the fishermen, worthy and upright, honestly living by fish, whence loved by the holy Saint Peter," whose proceedings contrast so favourably with those of their wrecker neighbours, the Juisters, in Heinrich Kruse's humorous hexameters.

The south-easterly sandbank, which is "writ large" as "the Lowland," certainly did not appear to be of imposing dimensions: but presented so lively a scene that, while we were rowed ashore, we felt as if all the two thousand normal population of that isle must have concentrated themselves upon that single point, for the bathing season was at its height, and holiday folk swarmed upon the beach in numbers rivalling the clouds of sandhoppers, whose blithesome frisking once led Bishop Butler to indulge in the curious speculation that the universe may have been created for their sole behoof. It would perhaps be too much to assert that Heligoland was created solely for its visitors, but they undoubtedly form a very considerable element in its prosperity. Lobsters and lodgers, in fact, are the staple and mainstay of the island, and during the summer months seldom fail to yield a bountiful harvest. On the present occasion the latter seemed quite to swamp the indigenous Frisians, who were only here and there recognisable by the quaint fashion and crude colouring of their costume, and the harsh-sounding accents of their highly incomprehensible dialect.

We did not tarry, however, to take note of them, but made straight for the Upland, as the loftier section of the islet is called. The ascent of the red sandstone cliff is accomplished by means of 100 wooden steps—at least, that is the number stated in the dispassionate "Baedeker." But to our minds, burdened with the consciousness of our sixty brief minutes, the flights seemed to multiply themselves indefinitely; and, when we did at length reach the top, truth compels us to own that the main feature in the prospect unrolled before us was—potatoes. The whole plateau, in fact, save where it pastures a few sheep and goats—Heligoland's only live stock—is simply potato-field, traversed by a road which bears the unromantic, albeit appropriate, title of the "Kartoffel-Allee," or "Potato-Walk."

This sounds disappointing; yet the traveller who adequately recognises his obligations to be content will not fail to find extenuating circumstances. He may perceive, for example, that the rich red of the neatly-banked-up clay-ridges, the sober green of the comfortable, homely-looking plants, and the pale lilac—almost pure white—of their blossoms, give a compact, and not unpleasant, illustration of the three colours in the often-cited "Flagge von Heligoland." Nevertheless, we were not tempted to linger over-long in contemplation; and, after a hasty stroll up the Film, or village street, which skirts the margin of the cliffs, and from which you look down upon the Lowland, we descended thither again by the way we had come, and found ourselves once more in the vicinity of little hotels and restaurants—the "Queen of England" and the "Princess Alexandra," the "Stadt London" and the "Deutscher

Hof," also of the "Conversationshaus," the Post Office, and the chemist's shop, which are all situated upon the strip of white sand.

Thence we promenaded, easier in mind, since we were on a level with our steamer, along the Bindfaden-Allee, or Twine-Walk, which leads to a bathing-place boasting an elaborate paraphernalia not unworthy of Trouville or Dieppe. This inlet is called the Red Sea, in consequence of the hue with which the dissolving marl stains the water for some distance round. Here, accordingly, we must grant some colourable grounds to those who uphold the extreme form of the melting-away theory; who maintain that the voracious waves "daily devour unseen" an appreciable portion of the island's surface; and who allege, upon the rather doubtful authority of an ancient map, that its area five centuries ago was three times greater than at the present day. Such a rate of denudation would bring total submersion so nearly within measurable distance that to cede Heligoland might seem scarcely more than to transfer the remainder of a rapidly expiring lease. And even supposing its size fixed, or imperceptibly waning, it is assuredly not a territory to be named in the same breath with Zanzibar and vaguer vastnesses beyond it.

While, from the deck of our receding steamer, we watched the dwindling of the white sandbanks, the prim lodging-house rooms, and the ruddy cliffs, we were strongly impressed with the extreme diminutiveness of this little earth-fleck "swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean." Yet one can understand that Wilhelm II., though he deems it "a poor thing," might like to be able to add of it, as Touchstone of Audrey, "but mine own." Its inhabitants, who are, after all, the persons most concerned, would probably approve the change of hands.

The sturdy Frisian fisherman, who are very tenacious of their old manners and customs, and not much disposed to take hints from their British rulers, would, no doubt, willingly transfer their allegiance from Queen to Kaiser. The worthy Hamburgian merchants who with their families constitute the vast majority of the summer residents, would certainly rejoice to think that they were splashing and paddling and inhaling sea-breezes upon an integral portion of "Fatherland."

As for those still more transitory visitors, the birds of passage, who, for some reason best known to themselves, make a point biennially of crossing the islet in incredibly large flocks, they may be confidently expected to feel a most happy indifference upon the subject, and to preserve an attitude of the strictest neutrality.

O. B.



THE SEASON has become more favourable within the past ten days, and the rise in the night temperature is felt as a great advantage. It was the cool nights which all through May undid the work of the day-heat. But since the 14th of the present month the nights have been up to an average warmth, while some nights, notably the 19th and 20th, have exceeded a mean heat. The temperature has averaged 64 deg. against a mean on twenty-five years of 61 deg. We may take it, therefore, that vegetation has gained ground during the last fortnight, and that fears of a late harvest are, at least in some degree, reduced. The wheat plant is

short in the straw, but is coming nicely into ear in the principal corn districts. The promise is of a good heavy crop, and there is little likelihood of this season's sturdy growth being "lodged." This in a year which has already been noticeable for abundance of electricity in the air, is matter of welcome reassurance. Barley, where sown on stiff clayey soil, has put on a yellow colour very discouraging to farmers, but on the lighter and fitter barley-lands the aspect is distinctly good. Oats are looking uncommonly well; so well, indeed, that Fenland farmers are already speaking of sixty-four to seventy-two bushels to the acre as a promise. Beans should at last be a good crop—four poor harvests of this staple have much discouraged growers. Turnips have thus far escaped the dreaded fly, and after the present month is over there is no great fear of its ravages. Weeds are not so rank as usual this season. Hay is doing exceedingly well in the north, and hay harvest in southern and eastern counties is in progress. The want of thick-packing undergrowth will prevent the mammoth yield of 1889 being repeated, but an average will not improbably be surpassed. Artificial pastures are generally of excellent appearance. The fruit is not so good as the grower might desire. Strawberries are a medium yield, and bush fruit is almost an average, but cherries are 25 to 30 per cent. short of an average crop, and a similar deficiency is feared in apples, while pears, plums, and damsons are reckoned as likely to be only from one-third to half a crop. The rich growth of leaves on the fruit trees may have militated against the setting of actual fruit.

THE HEREFORD AND WILTSHIRE SHOWS held in the third week of June witness between them very fairly to the progress of agriculture in the pastoral counties of the west and south. The Hereford Show this year witnessed to unabated confidence in the famous local breeds of cattle, of which there were a hundred entries of a quality seldom surpassed at any Show. Shorthorns were a small but very high-class show.—A great increase in the number of Jerseys exhibited witnessed to the growing appreciation of this beautiful herd. In the sheep classes the local sheep of Shropshire held their own very well. Agricultural horses were good without being the speciality. They are in some other counties, notably Northampton and Yorkshire. The Wiltshire Show at Marlborough was very favourably spoken of, a well-known judge declaring that it could boast of better classes for horses, sheep, and cattle than had ever been seen at a Wiltshire Show. There was a gratifying increase in the numbers and merit of the agricultural horse display. A single class had twenty-four entries, and the competition was keen throughout. The dairy cattle and the pigs were very excellent, and the Hampshire Down sheep were a display of quite extraordinary merit.

THE HOP GARDENS are considered by competent observers to be more than a week but less than a fortnight later than usual; we may therefore say "ten days." There is a certain sprinkling of fly in all the hop-growing countries, but not enough to cause much alarm at present. Washing has become general, and in some cases the blight observable early in June has now almost disappeared. There are more "jumpers" this season than there were last, and in places they have done mischief. Mould is here and there met with, but not at all generally. The vine is vigorous on all good ground.

DAIRY FARMING.—At the recent Dairy Conference the general opinion appeared to be that it will not pay farmers or their wives or servants to attend to all the details of the improved process. The true course of action, therefore, is to set up a factory to which a dozen farmers can combine to send their milk. By this comparatively easy method of local combination, the cream, butter, and cheese industries may be greatly and profitably developed.

## THE POPULARITY OF ST. JACOB'S OIL AMONG ATHLETES.



The above picture, size 17½ by 22 inches, from the original pen and ink drawing by our Special Artist, Lieut.-Col. Marshman, will be sent to any part of the world, post free, on receipt of 3d. For 6d. we will send, with the above, either of our celebrated pictures, same size and by same Artist, "Autumn Manoeuvres of the Royal Horse Artillery," "Our Road Coach," "Bolted over the Ropes" (an incident at a Military Tournament). For gd. we will send any 3 of the above, and for 1s. the set complete, securely packed in a cylindrical tube. The above pictures are beautifully printed on heavy calendered paper, suitable for framing or portfolio. These pictures, equal to Artist's Proofs, form one of the grandest groups of bold and original designs ever published, and should be in the possession of every Home, Hotel, and Club. Address the Sole Proprietors of ST. JACOB'S OIL, THE CHARLES VOGELER CO., 45, Farringdon Road, London.

The "HUDDERSFIELD NEWS" says—"St. Jacob's Oil is universally used by the members of St John's Football Club, in training and after hard-fought games, for rubbing into the muscles and for knocks and sprains, which they continually receive. The members of this club are unanimous in stating that St. Jacob's Oil is the best and only embrocation for athletic clubs to use."

The "BLACKBURN DAILY TELEGRAPH" says—"Learning that St. Jacob's Oil was used regularly by the celebrated team the Blackburn Rovers, several of the members were called upon, who spoke in the highest terms of its value in reducing swelling, and for rubbing in the muscles after severe exercise. Indeed, the Oil is so popular in this club that many of the members attribute their success to the use of St. Jacob's Oil."

The "PRESTON CHRONICLE" says—"We learn the Friary Football Club use St. Jacob's Oil in preference to any other liniment or embrocation for rubbing into the muscles while in training, and for the many hard knocks which they receive in the football field. This club, which is one of the best in the country, attributes its success largely to the use of St. Jacob's Oil."

Mr. THOMAS CHARLES PULLINGER, the well-known bicycle rider, of 16, High Street, Lewisham, says—"I have found St. Jacob's Oil has done my leg, which was badly injured, a power of good. I consider St. Jacob's Oil a splendid article for rubbing down with while in training."

The HANDSWORTH FRIARY FOOTBALL CLUB use St. Jacob's Oil largely; in fact, no other embrocation is used by the members of this club.

WILLIAM BEACH, of Australia, champion oarsman of the world, says—"I have found St. Jacob's Oil of great service in training. For stiffness, cramps, muscular pains, and soreness it is invaluable."

Mr. A. E. PAINTER, the famous jumper, of the London Athletic Club, strained and bruised his ankle in jumping hurdles so as to disable himself. He used St. Jacob's Oil, with marvellous results."

Mr. E. J. WADE, of the same club, and of the Ranelagh Harriers, sprained his leg and cured it in the same way.

Mr. J. LEWIS, trainer of the Wolverhampton Wanderers Football Club, says—"I find St. Jacob's Oil superior to all other liniments for sprains, bruises, stiffness of the muscles, weakness of the joints, &c. I use large quantities of it when training the members of the above club."

Boating men and cyclists, as well as athletes, everywhere use and recommend St. Jacob's Oil for rubbing into the muscles. It removes all stiffness and soreness directly. No cyclist should be without a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil on his machine as a part of his equipment. It acts like magic. It conquers pain. It penetrates. It removes the cause of pain.

THOUGHTS, LIKE SNOWFLAKES ON SOME FAR-OFF MOUNTAIN SIDE, GO ON ACCUMULATING TILL SOME GREAT TRUTH IS LOOSENERED, AND FALLS LIKE AN AVALANCHE ON THE WAITING WORLD.

## WHAT HEALTH-RESORT, WHAT WATERING-PLACE, WHAT CLIMATE IN THE WORLD

could show results of Preventable Death like these of the power of Sanitation? IGNORANCE OF SANITARY SCIENCE, direct or indirect, costs Threelfold the amount of Poor-Rate for the Country generally. "He had given as models of sanitation of adult life, well-constructed and well-kept prisons, where of those who came in without well-developed disease, and not good lives either, the death-rate did not exceed THREE in 1,000. In Stafford County Jail the death-rate had, during the last ten years, been actually less than one in every thousand—not a tenth of the death-rate of adult outsiders."—Inaugural Address by E. CHADWICK, C.B., on the Sanitary Condition of England.

## THE KING OF PHYSICIANS, PURE AIR.—JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

"Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When BLACK DEATH massacred Hundreds of Thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their Slaughter."—Times.

After breathing impure air for two minutes and a half, every drop of blood is more or less poisoned. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by poisonous blood; not a point but must have suffered injury. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the best known remedy; it removes foetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is pleasant, cooling, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

## IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Especially to Consuls, Ship Captains, Emigrants, and Europeans generally who are visiting or residing in Hot or Foreign Climates, or in the United Kingdom. As a natural product of Nature, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution, the JEOPARDY of life is immensely increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork and Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion,

## USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

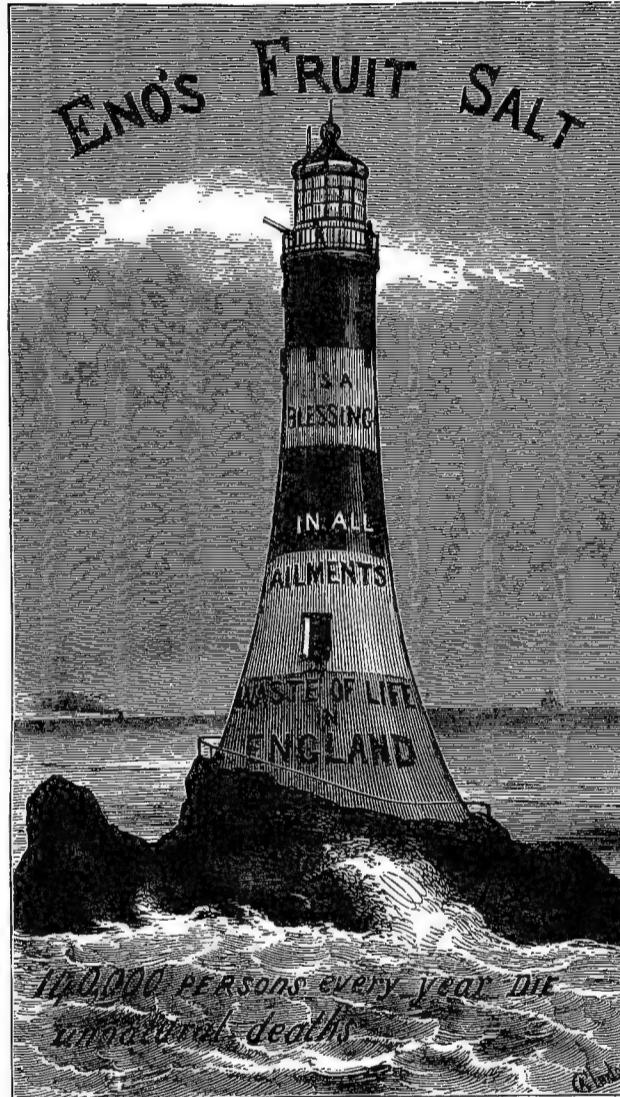
It is particularly valuable. No TRAVELLER should leave home without a supply, for by its use the most dangerous forms of FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest yet most potent form. Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is in the highest degree invigorating. Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the system, and aiding digestion, is most striking.

### For BILIOUSNESS or SICK HEADACHE,

Giddiness, Depression of Spirits, Sluggish Liver, Vomiting, Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn, Costiveness and its evils, Impure Blood and Skin Eruptions, &c., ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the simplest and best remedy yet introduced. It removes by natural means effete matter or poison from the blood, thereby preventing and curing boils, carbuncles, fevers, feverish skin, erysipelas, and all epidemics, and counteracts any ERRORS of EATING or DRINKING, or any sudden affliction or mental strain, and prevents diarrhoea (also removes diarrhoea in the first stage by natural means). It is a Pleasant Beverage, and may be taken as an invigorating and cooling draught under any circumstances, from infancy to old age. It is impossible to overstate its value, and on that account no household ought to be without it, for by its use many disastrous results may be entirely prevented. In the nursery it is beyond praise. Notwithstanding its medical value, the "FRUIT SALT" must be looked upon as essential as breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under all circumstances, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught, in the same way as lemonade, soda-water, potass-water, only it is much cheaper and better in every sense of the term, to an extent. The "FRUIT SALT" acts as simply, yet as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world. It has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.

### INQUESTS.—A STARTLING ARRAY

of PREVENTABLE DEATHS.—Why should FEVER, that VILE SLAYER of MILLIONS of the HUMAN RACE, not be as much and more hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The MURDERER, as he is called, is quickly made example of by the law. Fevers are almost universally acknowledged to be PREVENTABLE DISEASES. How is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. Who's to blame? For the means of preventing PREMATURE DEATH from disease, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It keeps the BLOOD PURE, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers (and blood poisons), liver complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health it is unequalled; and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, or a travelling trunk or portmanteau but would contain it.



### WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED.

## A NATURAL WAY OF RESTORING OR PRESERVING HEALTH,

## USE ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

HEALTH-GIVING, COOLING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING.

"From the Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.

"Nov. 1, 1873.

"DEAR SIR,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your 'Fruit Salt,' I can have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomitant Bilious Headache affect him, that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, whilst it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, consulting very eminent members of the faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of 'Fruit Salt,' however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted, he has never had a headache nor constipation since he commenced to use it, about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaints that I think you may very well extend its use, both for your own interest and pro bono publico. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink."

"To J. C. ENO, Esq.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by Worthless Imitations.

Sold by all Chemists.

DIRECTIONS IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE.

Protection in every Country.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

### DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIUS ATTACKS.

any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'—Yours gratefully,

West Indies.—To Mr. J. C. ENO, London.—"Please send me further supply of your 'VEGETABLE MOTO' to the value of the P.O. enclosed (eight shillings). The first small parcel came fully up to what is written on them.—St. Kitts, West Indies, Oct. 11, 1888." THE SAME CORRESPONDENT, in ordering a further supply of the "VEGETABLE MOTO" in July, 1888, writes as follows: "I cannot help telling you that the 'Moto' is a valuable addition to your 'Fruit Salt,' and ought to be as generally known as the latter."

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO," of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; Post Free, 1s. 3d

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

A gentleman writes:—"Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to 'ONE WHO KNOWS.'

"Commander A. J. LOFTUS, His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer.

"E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs.

Bangkok, Siam, May, 1888."

"To J. C. ENO, Esq., London.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

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DAMASK TABLE LINENS, DIAPERS, SHEETINGS, PILLOW LINENS, SHIRTINGS, TOWELLINGS, LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, Bordered and Hemstitched, Plain and Embroidered, the PRODUCTION of their OWN LOOMS, at WHOLESALE PRICES.

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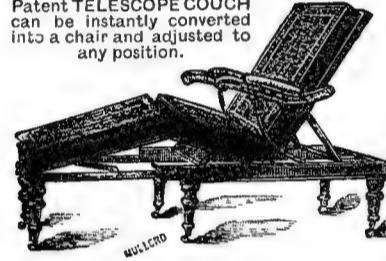
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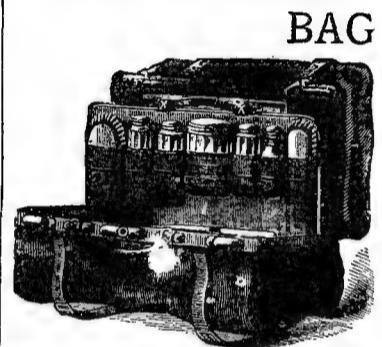
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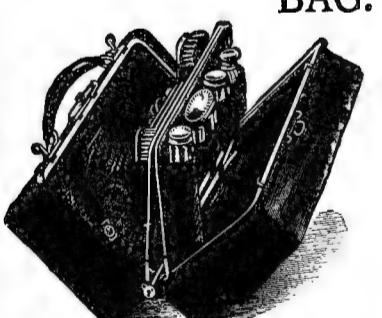
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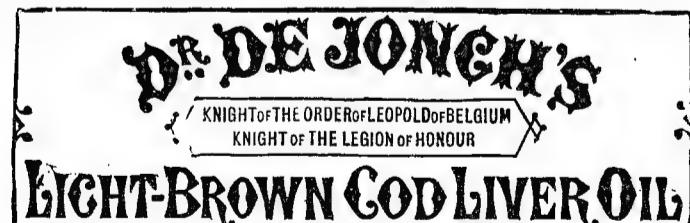
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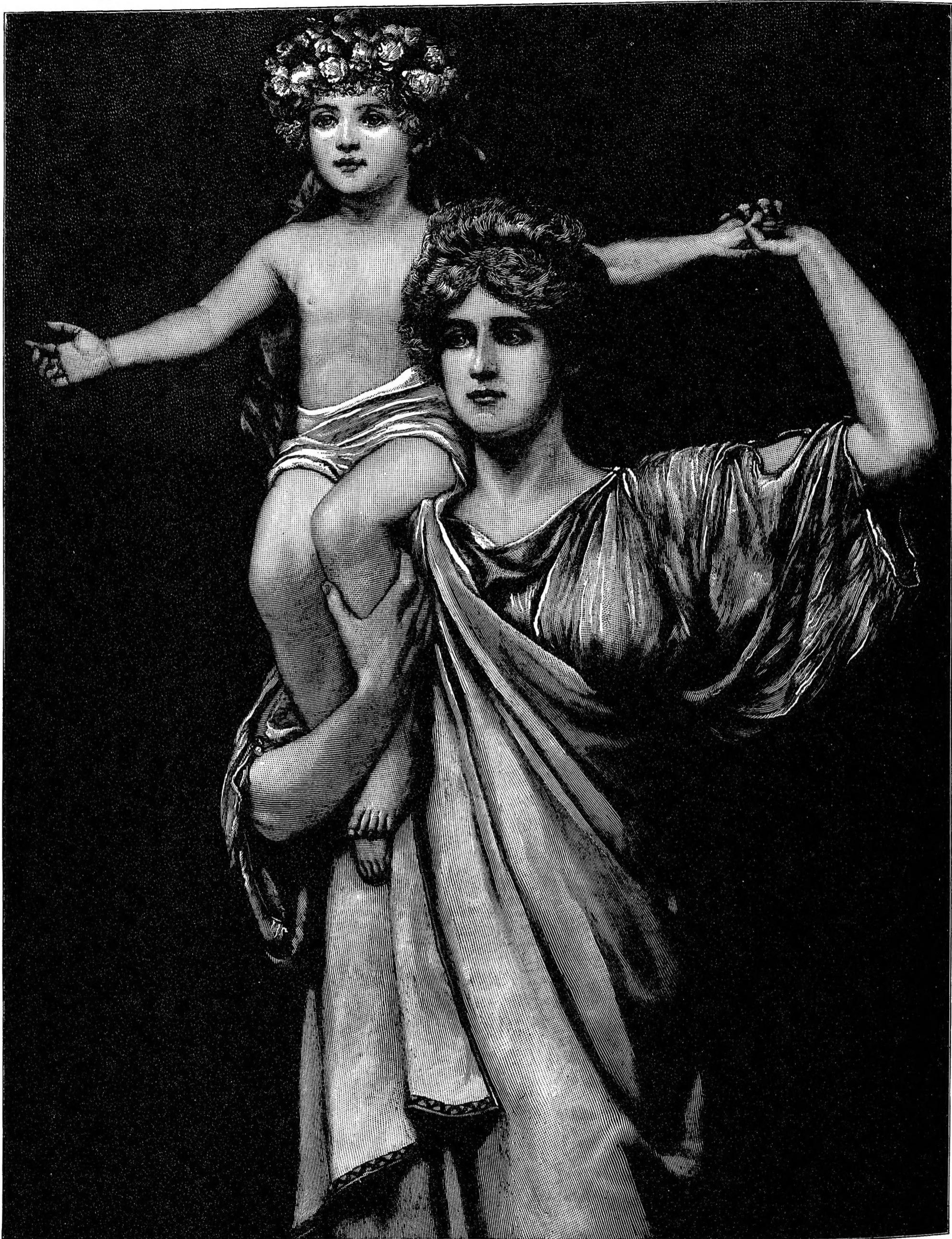
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